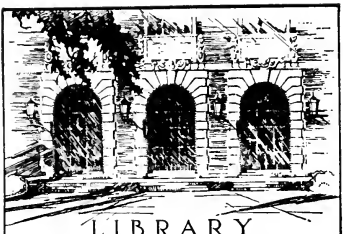

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THE

SPANISH OUTLAW.

A TALE.

VOL IV.

THE

SPANISH OUTLAW,

A TALE.

BY WILLIAM HERBERT, Esq.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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THE

SPANISH OUTLAW.

LETTER I.

Don Carlos de Massarena to Fernando Texado.

Madrid, 28 *Sept.* 17—.

THE fatigue I have undergone for these few days past has completely exhausted me, my dear friend, and I must now rest; but your dear sister Rosolia will supply my place. Her long letter contains the conclusion of the history that my last began. Adieu, my dear friend. I have put Rosolia in possession of all the circumstances which she had not an opportunity of witnessing.

LETTER II.

Rosolia Texada to Fernando Texado.

Madrid, 28 *Sept.* 17—.

WOULD you ever have thought it, my brother? Your Josephine..... Ah! how your heart beats now! She is... Can you believe it? Will not you say that it is a foolish dream? No, no, nothing is more true.—But where is she then? ... Where? In my arms.—I press her to my bosom; I call her my sister; she smiles and.... But let me begin the story, or rather let me continue it where Don Carlos left off; it is nothing short of a miracle.

The night before last, when I was going to-bed, a lay-sister came into my room, and told me that the Superior desired

sired I would go to her immediately; then went away without giving me time to ask a single question. I felt somewhat alarmed at this summons; I began to think on what I had done that could merit her rebuke, for I firmly believed that it was for that purpose the Superior had sent for me. I, however, obeyed without loss of time. When I got into the room, I saw the Superior seated, and a young lady by her side sobbing bitterly, with her face concealed in her handkerchief. She did not even lift up her head to see who came in. Her affliction was exceeding great; she uttered a few words, but her sobs prevented me from distinguishing what she said, "O! my aunt! my aunt!" were the only words I could make out.

"Rosolia," said the Superior to me, "this girl is brought here as a boarder, and as you see, she is in great distress. I know no one in the community more likely to console her than yourself. I therefore leave her to your care; do all that you can think of to calm her grief. I appoint you to be her governess; take her with you.

"Madam," said the Superior to the sorrowful fair one, "give your hand to my daughter Rosolia, she will take great care of you. I cannot admit of your sleeping in her room, because it is contrary to the laws of the community. You will conduct her, Rosolia, to the chamber Saint Joseph. Sister Bridget will sit up with her. Take with you this small

small bottle of wine and these biscuits, and prevail on her to take some before she goes to-bed. Make chocolate for her to-morrow morning; if she is able to get up, take her to your own room, where you shall have your meals till she is sufficiently recovered to appear before the community. I recommend her to you, try to dry up her tears."

"Farewell, madam," said the Superior again to the new comer, "we shall soon be better acquainted; I will not blame you for this excess of sorrow, but it becomes your age as well as mine to be resigned to the will of Providence. Till your trunks arrive, my daughter will lend you whatever you may have occasion for."

My new companion then got up, and shewed a countenance, which even by the pale light of the lamp appeared extremely interesting. She thanked the Superior, and then gave her hand to me. I led her to the chamber Saint Joseph, and after prevailing on her to take a biscuit soaked in wine, and seeing her safe in bed, I recommended her to the guardianship of the pious sister Bridget, and we separated; she very sad, and I very impatient for the next morning.

I slept but little, for the new boarder had deeply interested me, and I was all anxiety to know who she was, and what was the occasion of her sorrow.

I dressed myself as soon as it was light, and went on tip-toe into her room.

I found

I found sister Bridget seated by the side of her bed, with a rosary in her hand, and snoring as loud as distant thunder. I went up to the bed quite softly. "Do you sleep," said I to the new boarder.—"Good God! no."—"This good sister has not prevented you from sleeping, has she?"—"She did all she could to make the night less tedious. She has been telling me stories of apparitions till four o'clock, and then she fell asleep."—"Are you able to get up?"—"It will be a great relief to me." I then opened the window-shutter, and drew the bed-curtains.—"Good God!" said I, "how red your eyes are! you have been crying all night?" "I have cried a little."—"But there is no use in crying so; you give way to it

too much. Your parents must indeed be angels your separation from them making you so very sad. Dress yourself, I will go and make some chocolate; but do not be long dressing, and let your prayer be a very short one. I will come for you in a few minutes."

I soon prepared breakfast. I was dying with impatience for a conversation with my new acquaintance. I returned to her room; she was dressed, and I took her to my own. I looked at her with eager attention, and told her she would be extremely handsome if she did not cry so much; when your parrot took part in the conversation, and began repeating all his lessons: '*Yes, yes, Rosolia,*' *said it,* '*yes, yes, Josephine is your sister.*' "Good heavens!"

vens!" exclaimed the new comer, "what do I hear?"—"It is a parrot," answered I, "that my brother sent me from Naples, he is in the humour just now, and we shall be stunned with his prattle."—"Of what Josephine does it speak?"—"Oh, the story is a long one, and cannot be interesting to you: It is a young person not altogether indifferent to my brother, by whom she is pronounced beautiful as an angel. . . ." Then again your parrot interrupted us, by repeating three or four times, '*Long live Don Carlos!*' "Don Carlos!" said my new companion, quite astonished; "What Don Carlos is it? Is it Don Carlos de Massarena?"—"It is himself," answered I with equal astonishment,—"It is . . . it is . . . the same?"—

"You change colour," she replied; "you are quite pale, what is the matter?"—I certainly did feel a kind of alarm which did not seem natural, because there was no reason for it; I was quite angry with myself, and knew not what to answer. Luckily the parrot interposed and relieved me from my embarrassment. '*Long live the friend, the good friend of Fernando,*' it began to cry out.... "Of Fernando!" said my companion, not less astonished than at first; "I am lost in amazement! Wherever I am something remarkable occurs to confound me. I cannot be deceived —It said Fernando, Carlos, Josephine. What Fernando? Can it be.... I scarcely dare to ask.... Can it be Fernando Texado?"—"The same," answered

swered I; "it is my brother."..—"God! what do I hear?" exclaimed she, falling into a chair; "He your brother! Where am I? Where have they brought me? What an incident is this? Ah! pray let me go, let me hide myself from your sight."—As she said this, she seized her napkin with both her hands, and hid her face with it, entreating me to fly from her, and never approach her more.

As I could not at all account for these transports, I began to think that her wits had been disturbed by her excess of grief. I went to her, and taking both her hands, "Why," said I to her, "why this great despair?"—"Fly from me!" she exclaimed once more, "Know.... know that I am the wretched Josephine!"

At the name of Josephine, I flew to her arms, and pressing her to my bosom: "Well," said I, "Josephine, amiable Josephine, you are my sister."—"I your sister!" she exclaimed, getting up and pushing me from her. "I your sister! I, from whom human nature shrinks back in horror! No, no, I will abuse no one's confidence; when you know who I am, you will blush for the kind care you have bestowed upon me. Forbear these caresses; they are not due. Learn, madam, learn the dreadful secret: learn that I am .... that you now see before you the daughter of Cæsar de Suza. I am unworthy your regard; I taint the air with which this abode of angels is refreshed. Let the doors be opened; let

me

me be restored to my aunt; she is the only being in the world who does not look on me with horror: I must go away....” The name of Cæsar de Suza startled me at first, because I remembered that he was the reported murderer of Joseph de la Torré. I remained a few minutes motionless and mute As soon as I recovered a little from the agitation into which this disclosure had thrown me, I again took Josephine by the hand, and obliged her to sit down, saying: “ Well! even if it be true that your father....” — “ If it be true! Do not believe it. No, no, it is not true; do not believe it, madam; take care how you believe it; he is not guilty, he is innocent as innocence. Those are the guilty who by their calumny have prejudiced

prejudiced the public and the judges against a good and upright man.... Unhappy that I am," added she, sobbing, "is there a situation more terrible than mine? I am forced to reject the esteem of such as love me, and such as hate me consider it a duty to treat me as an outcast from nature."

After these words she began crying most bitterly. I let her tears have way, being persuaded she would be relieved by them, and got the breakfast ready. When I had poured out the chocolate: "Come, Miss Josephine, I call you Miss, because you will not let me call you sister, will you never cease to cry? you really grieve me. I never like to be sad a whole day. It is well enough to cry a quarter of an hour or so when one has cause; but to

hour

moan longer is insipid. You will make me melancholy for life, and I want to be laughing with you. You are not the only unfortunate creature in the world; there are many more than you. Mind, if you do not as I do, if you do not take this full cup of chocolate, and then half a cup more, I shall begin to scold. What is it to me, whether mankind thinks well or ill of your father? It is not his love I seek, but yours; and till my brother Fernando says to the contrary, you shall be my sister, and as he never will say to the contrary, you must in spite of you, always be the sister of Rosolia. You pushed me away from you; that was not well of you; and I am almost affronted with you!"—"I pushed you away! See now what one is capable of when

when overwhelmed with despair! Could I indeed push you from me, I who would do any thing to deserve your love! Will you pardon me, amiable Rosolia?"— "Ah! now you begin with compliments, I soften. Let us take breakfast, and I will tell you afterwards, whether I will pardon or punish."

Josephine then began her breakfast; but I saw plainly that it was more from complaisance than appetite; the heart was full, but still she endeavoured to disguise her sufferings with a smile, which she forced whenever she observed me looking at her.

During breakfast-time your parrot nearly stunned us with his choicest nonsence. We heard nothing but Josephine, Fernando,

Fernando, Don Carlos, and Rosolia; he jumbled them tojether in his usual stile, not forgetting to ask for some of the best wine; so that at any other time we should have laughed like ideots.

When we had taken chocolate, I told Josephine that I bore her no enmity, and could never scold more than four minutes. Come, I added, let us tell each other our story. Shall I begin? I would rather however, that you should begin, for I am extremely impatient to know, if it was with your own consent you came into this convent, and why you are so sorry at finding yourself in it, although you found a friend the moment you arrived. "You shall know," said she, "how I came into this convent. You shall hear a history more

more strange and deplorable than you have ever yet heard."

" After my father's misfortune, my aunt and myself had no means of living but by the labour of our hands, and to that end we became sempstresses. You see, Rosolia, that she whom your kindness calls sister, does not boast a very brilliant profession, though it certainly is no disgrace to her. There is nothing in it which a rational person need blush at, and I applaud myself for having learned it, for during a long sickness with which my aunt has been afflicted, and from which she is not yet entirely recovered, my labour has supplied all our wants.

" I have no mother; I lost her when very young, and have scarcely any recollection

collection of her. I have been brought up under the care of my father's sister, who is younger than him by ten years, and I am indebted for the little I know, and the little I am worth, to her kind instruction. Think, then, how dearly I must love her. Her affection for me is unbounded; and no daughter was ever more beloved by a mother than I am by my aunt.

"Since the sad event which befel my father, we changed our name. We thought that by means of our profession, and a feigned name, we should remain unknown, which in our neighbourhood is indeed the case. They who have imagined the most execrable plots to complete my undoing, are equally ignorant of our

right

right names. I will tell you what stratagem they used to draw me into a snare, which might have doomed me to infamy or death. You will shudder at the dangers to which those of our sex are exposed who are destitute of proper protection.

"About four days ago, a little girl came to us in the afternoon, with some stuff for a morning dress. I observed, that what she had brought, was not sufficient for the jacket and the petticoat, upon which she promised to bring the jacket the next day. She added, 'that her mama, who seldom went out, wished to be measured for a gown.' We had people with us at that moment, and my aunt told her, 'that when she brought

the

the jacket, she would see about satisfying her mama.'

" Our circumstances will not allow us to keep a servant; when my aunt is well, she attends to what is wanting out of doors, but since her sickness, I have been obliged to go myself on what errands were necessary; I always went very early, and covered with my veil.

" The day after that when this little girl came to us, I went at seven o'clock in the morning to get a draught from our apothecary, which the physician had ordered for my aunt. I had got within a few steps of the door, when I perceived at the entrance of an alley, the same little girl, who had been to us in the evening. She pretended that she was there by chance,

chance, and accosted me by saying, 'that as I was at her door, if I would have the goodness to go up into the first floor, she would give me the stuff for the jacket, and that I could at the same time measure her mama for her gown.' I told her, 'that I was sorry that I had not time then, but would attend to it another day.' 'Oh! miss,' said she to me, taking me by both my hands, 'you are so good, pray do me this favour. You don't know how my mama scolded me last night, because you did not go with me. She thinks that I never spoke to you about the gown. Pray go up, it will not take you long; you need only go in and tell my mama when you will come again. When she has

has seen you she will believe me, and won't scold me any more.'

"This little girl's caresses, and her seeming candour, determined me to shew her the complaisance she asked. She seemed overjoyed with my compliance, and went up before me in great haste. When the door was opened, she let me go before her. As soon as it was shut she clapped her hands together, and jumped on the neck of the servant who had opened it. I was greatly surprized at this familiarity, but I could see nothing about me but what was perfectly proper. We went into a bedchamber, richly furnished, where we found a lady, whose physiognomy far from creating any suspicions, inspired me with the greatest confidence. It would

would be difficult to find a person of a more genteel and honest appearance. Her waiting-woman was dressing her. As soon as we entered the room, the little girl run up and embraced her, asking her, ‘ if she was satisfied then.’—‘ Very well satisfied,’ answered this woman, ‘ go and join the young ladies.’ Upon which the little girl opened a door by the side of the bed, and disappeared, followed by the waiting-woman.

“ I remained alone with the mistress of the house ; she offered me a chair, but I refused to sit down, telling her that I could not stop, and requestsng she would have the goodness to call on us, or send the stuff for her gown. She answered, that ‘ she had only a word or two to say,

and

and that the business would be settled in a moment. But," added she, "I cannot speak to you while you stand; I must insist on your being seated." She invited me with so good a grace that I could not longer persist in my refusal. She then drew her chair close to mine, and asked me "if I was Miss Josephine Roedira, sempstress and mantua-maker."—I answered "that I was."—"Then they told me right," she replied; "it is you I meant; it is proper that I should have your own assurance of it, because mistakes sometimes occur about persons which lead to disagreeable consequences. How old are you?"—"Eighteen."

On my making this answer, she lifted my veil, and looked at me for some time

without saying any thing but the word "charming." Then separating my lips with her little finger, to look at my teeth, she said to me: "They will be very beautiful if you take care of them." This behaviour, which greatly confounded me, and my impatience to go back to my aunt, made me rather ill-tempered; I immediately arose from my seat, and told her, "that it was not to receive her compliments, but her orders, that I came there, and that I could stay no longer.—"Pray," said this woman to me, pulling me into my seat again, "pray stop one minute; we will soon settle about the gown. I have but one word to say. I am informed, Miss, that you and your aunt are unfortunate, and your condition seems

seems to be a proof of it. Poverty, they say, is no crime, but it is a great, a very great misfortune, to which we should apply a remedy as soon as we have one in our power. You have it in your's at this very moment. A person of high distinction, who is very well known to you, as I am informed, takes a great interest in your fate. In the first place you will receive from him a sum sufficient to enable your aunt and yourself to live for some time at your ease; and it is possible that the manner in which you acknowledge this first service, may establish and perpetuate the interest he feels for you: you would then be in a very flourishing situation, and I should congratulate myself in having contributed to place you in it;

I flatter myself you would, in your turn, have some degree of friendship for me, and assist me when occasion required. In case you should receive no more than he first sum, and think proper to continue in the same way of life as you are now about to enter upon, you may apply to me, and be assured, that what was offered you the first time, shall be offered a second, and a third, so that you will always be placed beyond the reach of want."

All that this woman had said, was perfectly unintelligible to me, and I could not conceive the drift of this mysterious discourse. I got up again, and again requested that she would not detain me. "With respect to what you have been saying," I added, "it is impossible for me to make

make you any answer, not understanding a word of it."—"No matter," she answered; "I have said what I ought to say. It would not be proper to take you unawares, and without telling you what you had to expect. Now for the gown: you are going to take my measure an't you?"—"Madam," said I to her, "I never take measure; it is sufficient for me to see your shape." "No, no," she replied, "I do not like that; I have had a mantua-maker, who like you, took measure by sight, and spoiled all my gowns. There is some paper, I beg you will make a measure." I resolved to do as she desired that I might lose no more time, and in the hope that this would be the last pretence she could find for keeping me. As I was cutting the paper, she

said: "But pull your gloves off; you can't take so correct a measure with them on." I took them off; she took hold of one of my hands, and placed her other on my arm, saying: "This is the prettiest hand I have ever seen; there is an arm that must bewitch all who look at it."

At length I set about measuring her, which I did as quickly as I could, in order to get out of her way. I perceived evident signs of impatience in her, such as looking at her watch; lifting up her shoulders; knocking with her feet, and muttering something about waiting so long.

There was a ring. Immediately without thinking that I was taking measure of her, she flew to the door, saying to the

the person who entered: "Come, you have not much activity in you; you would not lose a minute's sleep for the acquisition of an empire."

I knew the gentleman who came in to be the Signor Astucia, tutor to Don Carlos de Massarena. As soon as he was in the room he desired this woman to get chocolate without losing a minute. "Quick," said the woman to her servant, "the chocolate: tell the little one and Sophia to come; I promised her she could breakfast with me, because she pleased me so well."

Finding that this woman thought no more of the gown, I wished her a good morning and was going away. "Not at all," said the Signor Astucia, holding me

by the arm; "not at all, Miss, it is for you I am come here, I have scarcely recovered my surprize at finding you here; it is a happiness I never could have expected, an absolute miracle; you may well say that you are one of heaven's favourites. I am just come from your aunt who is informed all about it, and desired me to come after you."—"She must surely have told you for what purpose I was gone out."—"To be sure," replied he, "she told me; she told me that you were gone out to . . . but what would you have me do? Not finding you any where, I despaired of meeting with you; that is as clear as that two and two make four. Accident brought me to this lady, whom I have the honour to be acquainted with, and

and your good stars ordained that I should meet you here. Confess after this, that you were born under a lucky planet."

While Signor Astucia was proceeding with this stuff, which was equally unintelligible to me as what the lady had said, the chocolate was poured into the cups, and one was placed for me. "Sit down and take your breakfast," said Signor Astucia to me.—I answered, "that I should breakfast with my aunt."—"With your aunt! no, you certainly won't breakfast with her to-day."—"Why not?"—"Because I am going to take you with me directly."—"You are going to take me directly! and where am I to go with you, pray?"—"Here, look, read the law and the prophets."

As he said this, he took a letter from his pocket, and shewing me the seal, asked me "if I knew it;" and upon my answering "that I did not;" he told me "that it was the Massarena's." But, added he, "read, read."

The letter was addressed to my aunt, and conceived in these terms:—"On the receipt of my letter, madam, I hope you will have no objection to sending your dear niece to me. It is more important than I can express both to your happiness and to her's, that I should see her this moment. You may safely confide her to the care of Signior Astucia, who is my son's tutor; I will send her back to you, as soon as the business which requires her is concluded, which will be in an hour at most."

The

The letter was actually a woman's hand-writing, and so well spelt and punctuated, that it evidently appeared to have been written by a person of education. It was signed Spinoletta Massarena.

What shall I say, Rosolia? I foolishly gave into the snare. Still, however, I was not free from disquietude, and even a secret mistrust, but I dared not betray it. This letter, the name of Massarena, the tutor of Don Carlos, the magnificence of the apartment which I was in, and the genteel and decorous appearance of the woman who occupied it, all these together dazzled my senses, and prevented me from reasoning as I ought.

I asked Signor Astucia "what my aunt had said on reading this letter." She

said that if I found you, I should take you directly, without stopping any where."—"It is but proper then that I should go and acquaint her that you have found me, and take her at the same time a draught which I have to get for her from the apothecary's."—"What a notion! we shall never have done with all these goings and comings. Ah! you are not much acquainted with people of a certain class. The Signora Massarena does not put up with delay; you must take her while she is in the humour, or else you do nothing; what with going to talk to the apothecary, then going to your aunt, and coming back here, we should never have done. It is well worth while truly, when the whole business won't detain you an hour.

When

When your aunt finds you do not return, it will be a proof that I have met with you." "But if that is all," said the little girl, "I can go directly to the lady's aunt, and can take the draught from the apothecary's with me."

Admire my blindness; I gave the prescription to this little serpent, she took it and went off as quick as lightning. Admire too, how circumstances which appear simple and trivial in themselves, conspired to deceive me at this fatal moment. A few days before Don Carlos had done us the honor of breakfasting with us, when I appeared in a plain undress; with which my aunt was not content. He had appointed to breakfast with us again on the next morning when I was so dreadfully deceived,

ceived, and my aunt desired me, on getting up, to put on the gown in which you now see me. Thus you see I had no pretext on the score of dress for not appearing before the Signora Massarena.

They persisted on my taking chocolate;—"But," says I to Signior Astucia, "since it is of such great importance that we should lose no time in going to Massarena House, why do we stay here to breakfast?"—"In the first place," he answered, "because I am very hungry; in the second, you do not know when you may be able to breakfast, or whether you will have a moment to yourself all day. You don't know what they want with you. You can form no idea of the happiness that awaits you. I will not tell you

you ; I will not deprive you of so agreeable a surprize."

A circumstance which should have served to open my eyes, was, that as soon as I laid down the letter given me by Astucia, he seized upon it, as a vulture upon his prey, and thrust it into his pocket; but alas! I paid no attention to this movement. I was employed in thinking on my aunt, and reproaching myself for not having gone to tell her what had happened. Ah! what a sorrowful meal was that breakfast to me! How bitter did that chocolate taste! Still I had no idea of the evil that awaited me. I regarded all the occurences untoward, but I could not see through them distinctly. I had no reason to doubt but that Astucia was an upright man,

man, and I firmly believed that he was going to take me to the Signora Massarena; and what strengthened this belief, was, that Don Carlos had made a proposal to us a few days before, in which his mother was concerned, and I foolishly thought that it was on the subject of that proposal that she wished to talk with me.

Since the injustice which pursued my unhappy father, I entertained no very favourable opinion of mankind in general, but at my age, without experience, and acquainted only with the world from the conversation of my aunt, who is herself far from intimate with it's ways, could I suppose that there existed such monsters as those who made a traffic of my innocence, or could I suspect the existence of a crime,

a crime like that which they meditated against me.

When breakfast was finished, Astucia offered me his hand, and the infernal agent who had assisted in weaving this web, shewed us to a private staircase, of which the door was in her room. I presently found myself in the carriage, without knowing how I got there, so much was I distracted with regret at not having seen my aunt before setting off, and with the fears which, in spite of me, would intrude themselves on my mind.

What I did not at first remark, was, that the carriage was not such as are commonly used in town, but a travelling chaise, with three horses; but if I had remarked this, I could not have profited by my observation, for

for in any way, though I was much taken up with my own sad thoughts, and forebodings, I saw distinctly four very ill-looking men against the coach door, two of whom helped me in getting in. I do not know whether Astucia or his agent placed them there; but it appeared as if they were put there to be ready in case I had made any opposition to going with my ravisher.

The wretch put up the glasses, and afterwards the silken blinds, so that we were in perfect darkness. I begged him to let one of them down, but he told me that he had put them up on my account, because it would not look well to people who might pass to see me with him. I did not insist upon it; and although my apprehension

apprehension increased, I endeavoured to console myself with the thought, that the mystery would soon be dispelled, and I should at least be relieved from my doubts. Thus I was all along deceived with the notion that I was going to Don Carlos's mother. Still, however, though I felt that the chaise went with extreme rapidity, it did not stop. I began to feel a disquietude which I was afraid to express, because I could not but condemn myself for feeling it. I listened with the greatest attention. I tried in vain to hear the noise and bustle of the streets, I seemed to experience the same sensation which one always feels on going from the town into the country. This, said I to myself, is not the tumult of Madrid, but the

the silence of the country; the air I breathe is purer than that I am accustomed to; the wind blows fresher; and if my ears do not deceive me, I hear the singing of the birds, and the sharp humming of the grass-hoppers. I made all these observations, but was still afraid to pay any regard to them, so anxious was I to find myself deceived, when on a sudden the carriage ceased to jolt upon the stones, and went smoothly on the road. Then all illusion was destroyed. I let down the glass as quick as I was able, and saw that we were in a very narrow path, making for a dry and desert mountain. I looked behind me, and found that Madrid was already far from us. "What does this mean?" I asked Astucia. "Where are we? Whither

Whither are you taking me to? You have deceived me; you have said falsely." "I have not said falsely," he answered with perfect unconcern; "I have only had recourse to a little trick; I thought it necessary, for if I had told you the whole truth, you would have refused to go with me." "Forbear your speeches, and tell me whither you are taking me. In God's name tell me the truth!" "I am taking you to the Signora Massarena." "What! you are taking me to the Signora Massarena, and we are already above a league from Madrid!"—"Who told you she was at Madrid? She has been for these last few days at a country house near here, and it is there that she wishes to speak with you." "You have deceived me; you

you talked of no more than an hour's absence."—"I deceive you! Just heavens! What do you take me for, then? I told you I remember well enough that the Signora Massarena would not detain you above an hour at most, and that is the truth." "No, no," exclaimed I, "there is some foul dealing in all this; I will not go to this country-house; I will go no further. In the name of God, Signor Astucia, make them stop; you do not know what I am capable of if you persist." As he made me no answer, I endeavoured to turn the handle of the door, crying out: "O my aunt! O my aunt!" "You are fatiguing yourself to no purpose," said Astucia, coolly, holding me by my gown: "There is a secret in the handle which

you

you are not acquainted with; you will never be able to get the door open; and even if you should, you would not get out yet. I shall not leave you to walk alone in the high road. Then, indeed, I should deserve the ill opinion which you have the injustice to conceive of me, what would be said of me; what answer could I make to the Signora Massarena? You do not know that lady. You have formed no idea of the character of that family. They have a degree of pride and despotism which urges them to require impossibilities, and they are lost in rage, if they are not obeyed. If I should not present you to the Signora Massarena to-day, I should be undone, and you yourself would suffer from it. How can you be so silly as to feel any alarm? Look at me well;

have I the countenance of a woman-stealer? Is there any thing of a cheat or hypocrite in my face? Why in the name of all the saints in Paradise should I wish to do you any harm? Have you ever done me any? What interest do you imagine I can have in hurting a young person, handsome and prepossessing as you are. None do evil for evil's sake, there must be some motive for doing it." I listened to the man without saying a word, and I could not but think that what he said seemed very reasonable. I was, notwithstanding, extremely uneasy, and my uneasiness, the source of a thousand reflections, was the principal cause of my silence. This he ascribed to the force of his arguments, and added: "I have had recourse to a little stratagem to bring you with me,

which

which you can scarcely pardon; I will now establish my title to your forgiveness, by a full confession. The Signora Massarena is not at Madrid; nor at a country-house in the vicinity; the truth is, that she is at Aranjuez." "What!" exclaimed I, "at Aranjuez, ten leagues from Madrid! I shall not see my aunt to-day then? What a horrible, what an abominable imposition is this which you have put upon me!"—"Set your mind at rest. Your aunt is acquainted with every thing, and approves of every thing. She does not expect you till to-morrow or the day after. We have very good horses; we shall change half-way, we shall arrive at our destination to-night, and you can set off on your return to-morrow morning.

My dejection was extreme on hearing that I should not see my aunt that day, nor perhaps the following. I could not conceive how she could have consented to part with me for so long a time.

We soon arrived at an inn, of a shabby appearance, where we changed horses. Whilst the horses were putting to, Astucia ordered dinner, of which he invited me to partake. He ate with a very good appetite, but for my part I was satisfied with a little soup, which I took, rather to relieve myself from his importunities, than from any real inclination to it.

When he had finished his repast, we got into the carriage again; he, more gay than ever, and I, infinitely more sad. The respect with which he treated me, seemed

to

to forbid my foreboding any ill from this journey; but there still was something unaccountable in it which alarmed me; and as my fears gained ground, I thought I heard my aunt reproaching me for deserting her. Astucia, thinking me perfectly satisfied as to his motives, and being cheered by the hearty meal he had made, did all in his power to divert me; but all his pleasantry was lost upon me: I let him chatter without once interrupting him. I remember that, amongst other things, he spoke in the most disrespectful terms of your brother Fernando. "He had," said he to me, "designs upon you; but you were born to a better fate, and must not descend so low: I certainly am not disposed to malice; I am incapable of

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doing an injury to any one, but I must confess that I hate that fellow most cordially, and should rejoice in an opportunity of making him repent the mischief he has done, and continues to do, to me. He has gained an ascendancy over Don Carlos, which surpasses all belief. I was intended to be secretary at Naples, and had even the minister's word for it, but the little fellow played his part so well with Don Carlos, as to prevail on him to get his father to appoint him to the place, to the exclusion of me. You must see that this was a most abominable action; for, as a great man once said, we should never seek after another man's place while he is alive. Since he has been at Naples he has entirely prejudiced Don

Pedro

Pedro against me. I have a proof of it, for I know that when Don Pedro mentions me in his letters to his brother-in-law, or to the Signora, his wife, he is far from speaking favourably of me. He has written to me but once since he has been ambassador, and then in terms which would be insulting to a footman. Fernando, besides, writes volumes to Don Carlos, and I make no doubt but I am ill-treated in these voluminous epistles, for it is clear that Don Carlos' esteem for me decreases daily. You see that all these wrongs are unpardonable. I rejoice in this opportunity of making you acquainted with this shrimp of the diplomatic body, that you may banish him from your remembrance, and lose him without regret."

Such was the ridiculous conversation with which I was tormented, till at length we arrived at Aranjuez. We entered a house, or rather a palace, where all was splendour and magnificence. "Here we are," said Astucia, "at the Signora Massarena's." We passed through innumerable rooms, filled with footmen, pages, and various attendants, all superbly dressed. I assure you, Rosolia, I had never seen or imagined any thing half so grand, so noble, and so sumptuous as the sight that presented itself to me on entering this house. I began to take courage. It is not possible, said I to myself, that those who inhabit this palace can take pleasure in the misery of a poor innocent creature. Still I thought I could discern

in

in the countenances of those who looked upon me an expression of pity. What humiliation should I have felt by such a look, had I foreseen what awaited me! Astucia gave me his hand, and conducted me into a room of an oval form, which, although very spacious, seemed one entire glass; so that when the doors were shut, it was next to impossible for a stranger to find the way out. I observed towards the chimney-piece a woman about fifty years of age, whose dress, though very neat, appeared too plain for the mistress of the house. She was talking to a little page.

Astucia made me sit down upon a couch, and spoke to the page, who answered him in a loud voice: "Yes, you may go in, you are expected." Upon

which he opened a glass folding door, which was immediately closed upon him. "As for us," said the page to the woman who was talking with him, "We must be gone; and no one must be suffered to enter; such is the order."

The woman, who from my first entering the room had not ceased to look at me with an appearance of concern, now betrayed an affliction which challenged my particular notice, and I heard her mutter something about shame, and the sacrifice of innocence, as she went out with the page at the opposite door to that through which Astucia had disappeared. The door was shut again, and I remained in the room alone for about a quarter of an hour, when Astucia returned with a

purse

purse in his hand; he crossed the room without coming to me; he said "that he had announced me, and that I should soon appear before the Signora Massarena." "Adieu, my fine child," he added, "when the work of your felicity is accomplished, remember the man who brought you to this place. Gratitude becomes every one, and even adds lustre to beauty such as your's. After having spoken thus, Astucia went away, and I again remained alone for seven or eight minutes; at the end of which time I heard the same door opened, through which Astucia had passed the first time of his leaving me. I saw a large austere looking man perched upon heels of immense height, holding the door half open with

one hand, and in the other an eye-glass, which he directed towards me. He had on a green-coat, embroidered with jewels, the Order of the Golden Fleece, a brilliant in diamonds, was suspended from his neck, and his buckles were likewise diamond. During the time he looked at me, I was leaning in a pensive posture, with my elbow on the arm of the couch, which I preserved, notwithstanding the manner in which he viewed me, for his appearance inclined me to think still more deeply on the issue of my entry into the house.

The veil, which reached to my waist, no doubt prevented him from distinguishing my features, at which he seemed very impatient; he threw away his eye-glass, came up to me with a quick step, spreading

spreading over the room a strong scent of amber, and without giving me time to recollect myself, abruptly lifted up my veil. This insolence restored me to myself, I got up, and while he was making some exclamation of admiration, which I did not very well understand, I went some distance from him, and asked him, with no inconsiderable degree of fierceness, "Who he was? what he wanted with me? and who had given him a right to insult me?"—"I insult you!" said he, "I who come to your feet to pay homage to your charms! Never did a more amiable or more enchanting creature appear before my eyes! What a shape! what a carriage! what features! Ah! how feebly did they represent your worth to me!

You are indeed a prodigy of beauty, and 'tis to adore and not to insult, that I now appear before you. Come, my fine angel," added he, "be a little civil; let us draw near to each other; resume your place; let us come to an understanding; lay aside all disguise, all these theatrical airs; this grandeur becomes you well, but in this place there dwell no cruel beauties; it is by complaisance and liberality that they reign here. The more you grant, the more worthy you will be in my sight, and the more you will obtain at my hands."

As he said this, he came up to me, and taking hold of one of my hands, attempted to take off my glove; I drew it back, and as I was retreating from him, he attempted

to

to clasp me in his arms; but I got loose, and pushing him forcibly away, I flew to the other end of the room. Then placing my hand on my forehead in an agony of despair, I exclaimed "that I was undone; that I saw the snare in which I had been caught, and the deep abyss in which I was about to be swallowed up."

My violent action and my exclamations seemed to astonish the man; he seemed motionless and stupified, as if at a loss how he should act. His incertitude did not last long. I saw that he was again coming to me; his eyes which were uncommonly animated, alarmed me exceedingly, and my despair inspired me with a courage almost beyond my nature. I took a little knife out of my pocket, and applying

applying the point of the blade to my heart, I said to him: "I am deceived, and I find that you are also deceived. Do not approach me; if you advance one step towards me I will bury this steel in my heart, and my death shall be the only fruits you will reap from your brutality. Yes," I continued, "yes, abominable monster, who thirst for the blood of innocence, you shall see mine flow in t ren s from this heart, which you cannot sully. Speak, say but the word, your desires shall be satisfied, and you may quench your raging thirst. The wretches," continued I, "heaven has done all for them; but its benefits are a nourishment unpalatable to them, unless seasoned with the tears of the innocent."

My

My despair appeared to frighten him, he turned pale, and instead of coming near me, he ran to the couch and sat down; he placed his elbows on his knees, his head upon his hands, and moved his feet about in great agitation.

How soon, dear Rosolia, we pass from one extreme to another! From the bold fury of despair, I fell into an excess of fear and faint-heartedness. Weak, timid, and trembling, I fell upon my knees before my persecutor, I joined my hands together, and in this posture I said to him in a supplicating voice: "Signor, whoever you are, I throw myself at your feet; I seek refuge in your humanity, and implore your protection even against yourself; do not reject the prayer of a poor

poor unfortunate girl, whose virtue is the only good the world has left her. I am in your power; you may either save or undo me. Can you hesitate in your choice? Ah! no, you have not a heart of marble for my fears find a way to it. Look with pity on the victim whom the wretches who have deceived us both, have brought before you. Do not cover her with infamy; suffer me to enjoy your own esteem; suffer me to remain pure in your sight. Help me, and do not abuse the trust I put in you. It is a sweet task to protect the weak, and to console the virtuous in oppression!—Say, say, Signor, that I am saved."

At these words the gentleman, who appeared sensibly affected, stretched out his

his hand to me:—"Yes, yes," said he, "I have been deceived; but rise for heaven's sake?"—"No, no," said I, seizing his hand, which I kissed and bathed with tears, "I will not rise till you have promised to protect my innocence."—"I was never so moved before," answered the gentleman, "I promise every thing—yes, every thing; but, in the name of God, get up: you make me ashamed; you cover me with confusion." I got up—he seated me upon the couch, and drew a chair in which he sat down at some distance from me, and addressed me thus:—"Madam, I am like many others, I love, I seek, I pay for, and enjoy pleasure; but I know no happiness at the expence of others: yes, I am most certainly deceived:

deceived; I expected that it would have been the same on this as on many former occasions; that matters would have been settled to our mutual satisfaction, and that the lady who was brought to me would have come willingly. Violence and seduction are odious to me; they are crimes, thank heaven! unknown to me. But let me learn how with all this courage, resolution, and prudence, they succeeded in bringing you here."

I then related ingenuously all that had happened to me, till the moment of his appearance, during which time he betrayed evident signs of agitation, and ran about the room cursing Astucia. At length, without waiting the conclusion of my

my story, he pulled his bell violently, and desired the footman who answered it, to bring that wretch before him.—The servant enquired, who?—"That rascal!" "If you will be pleased to name him, signor,"—"Eh! why who should it be but Astucia." "You know, Signor, that he is set off again for Madrid; he told us that he had informed you of his intention." —"Well then, send after him, and bring him here at my feet."—"It will be very difficult to overtake him."—"And why, pray?" "Because he has three post-horses to his chaise,"—"To his chaise! It must have been Don Carlos' then that he used for his infamous purpose—Did not you see him, madam, go out of the room? He took with him the price of his guilt. He had

had no less than fifteen hundred piasters, which I bestowed on the villain, thinking that he had served me well; and you see how he has served me. He has three horses," continued Don Juan, addressing himself again to the footman, "well then, take six."—"It would still be very difficult to overtake him, because it is possible he is not gone by the public road; he did not come that way."—"That's true, that's true," replied Don Juan, "besides I shall find him at Madrid, and I will prepare a chastisement which shall teach him that he cannot sport with his sister and me with impunity. Take care that I have four post horses at day-light to-morrow. Desire the housekeeper to come to me." As soon as this woman obeyed the summons,

mons, I recognised her for the same whom I had seen on first going into the room, and who beheld me with so much compassion. "Madam," said Don Juan to her, "there is a young lady, as you see, very amiable, who has fallen here, I know not how. Thanks to my penetration, which told me at the first glance, what she was; she has met with no other grievance than that of having come here. I commit her to your care, and require, that during the short time she remains here, she be treated as the mistress of this house."—"God be praised!" said the woman, "my master has not given into the infamous designs of this hypocrite."—"Peace, peace," said Don Juan to her, "I did not send for you to control

trol my actions. I want none of your reflections; hear my orders, and see that they are attended to; that is all you have to do. Let the lady have my sister's apartment; give her some refreshment before she goes to bed, for that robber, Astucia gave her nothing all the day, but a cup of chocolate, and some paltry soup. You will sleep in the same room. We go to Madrid to-morrow morning, and you shall go with us."

I objected to this arrangement on account of the painful anxiety my aunt would feel at my absence, and begged to return to Madrid immediately, but Don Juan would not listen to the proposal. He wrote a note to my aunt, assuring her of my safety and return on the following day,

day, and after I had myself added a few consolatory lines, he instantly dispatched a messenger, and insisted that it should be as he had at first directed.

I was far from being satisfied with this plan; but what could I do? Don Juan appeared to me to be resolutely disposed, and I was afraid of contradicting him any more, and therefore consented to do as he wished. I took my leave, and retired with the house-keeper, whom I always took care to hold by the arm. She conducted me to an apartment of the greatest magnificence, and shewed me such attention, and bestowed such care on me, that I shall never think of her but with heartfelt gratitude. Although she was somewhat reserved in her speech, she told me sufficient

cient to convince me that I had run into the greatest danger to which a girl of my age could be exposed. She drew a portrait of Astucia, which made me think with horror on having been so long in his power. By her account he is a man capable of every evil action, and incapable of a good one; envious, vindictive, avaricious, hypocritical, void of faith, principles, and even judgment, never seeing beyond the present, and frequently doing injury to others, to his own prejudice. She also described Don Juan in a manner not very favourable. She told me he was a vain man, insolent, and unfeeling towards his inferiors; thoughtless and passionate; wishing to attain every thing, and attaining nothing; lavishing money on such as

administer

administer to his pleasures, and thrifty towards those who serve him with loyalty; giving his confidence to the first comer; familiar to an excess with people who are infinitely beneath him, and whom he scarcely knows; making a boast of his libertinism, and delighting in expressions of impiety. He has but one good quality," she added, "which is that of giving freely to the poor. Besides the sum he regularly appropriates for this purpose, his valet is always obliged to fill his waistcoat pockets with small-money, for if he should not have wherewith to give to the first beggar who asked charity of him, he would fly into a passion which would not be soon appeased, and all his people would feel the effects of it for several days. She

likewise gave me an account of the rest of the family, as far as she was acquainted with them, which I was much more gratified by hearing, for she found nothing but their pride to object to.

The better half of the night was consumed in similar conversation. I did not close my eyes, but counted the hours with anxious impatience, which made me leave my bed before sun-rise. As soon as it was light, we were informed that Don Juan waited for us. We found him in a room where every thing was ready for breakfast. As soon as he saw the housekeeper, he gave her a purse, which appeared to me very weighty, and desired her to give it to him at Madrid. "These are quadruples," said the woman to me when

when Don Juan was at a little distance from us, "but these are not for Astucia." —"What do you say about Astucia?" cried Don Juan, who had apparently overheard her. "It is a strange way," added he, "that my people have of finding fault when I say or do any thing. Happy Don Pedro! he is served, he is obeyed, without the least remark; I must write to him for his secret."

Breakfast done, we got into the carriage, and the postilion asked for orders. "Drive to Madrid," answered Don Juan, "to the convent of Lescalasses."—"Signor," said I to him, "the kindness which you have been pleased to shew me, persuades me, that before going to the convent you will have the complaisance to leave me at my

aunt's." "Nonsense!" he cried out "do you take me for a child or a fool, madam?" —"I do not dispute the depth of your understanding; but it would be an injustice not to restore me to my aunt." "And pray, what do I know of this aunt? A fine aunt, truly, to suffer her niece to be stolen from her! How do I know whether?.... Pray say no more about it." "Signor, you appear to have a notion which I cannot bear that you should entertain."—"Notion or not, things must not be as your young head has settled them. Mine determines far more difficult matters than this every day. I do not mean to suspect your aunt; but I cannot be blind to what I see. It is a duty I owe to my conscience to repair to the

the best of my ability the harm intended you by Astucia, in which I may be considered in some measure concerned. It is my duty to place you in a situation where you will be secure from dangers like that which you have just been exposed to. When you are once in the convent, your aunt shall do as she pleases; but I must free myself from reproach, by committing you to a place from whence no ravisher can snatch you, because young girls are kept safer there than with an aunt."

I cannot express to you, Rosolia, the humiliation I suffered, and how greatly I considered myself outraged by this scandalous opinion which he had dared to conceive of my aunt, of the most virtuous and respectable of women, nor was I more

resigned to that fatality which, spite of myself, renders every one arbiter of my destiny. But I had to deal with a man who was blinded by conceit, and refused all explanation. I therefore resolved not to contradict him, but I ventured to represent to him, that such as were received at the convent of Lescalasses, were far above my condition, and that I had not money sufficient to pay for my board there." "Do you take me for an idiot?" he asked immedately, I made the observation, "do you think that when I set about any thing I do not foresee all that can happen? Honoured with my protection, you can go wherever I please; and, as for your board, I will take care of that. In a word, since I take you to the convent

of

of Lescalasses, it is for me to know whether you will be admitted, and that your board shall be punctually paid for. I give the preference to this convent because the Superior is a friend of my sister's. I went to see her a few days ago with the Signora Massarena, and in spite of the pater-nosters which she daily repeats, I found her possessed of some sense and judgment. You may do very well in this community, if you choose to stay there, take my word for it; therefore let me have no reply about the convent, your board, or the aunt. What I resolve must be, and it is not my disposition to enter into a dispute to prove, that what I do is for the best.'

When he had finished this vain speech, he took a piece of music out of his pocket,

and sang during the rest of the journey, regretting, he said, that he had not his tambour and castanetts to accompany his song. I let him sing on without interruption; but I firmly resolved to refuse his bounty, as soon as it should come in question. We arrived at the convent in the evening. He asked for the Superior; and as soon as she appeared, he said to her: "I have brought you, sister Rosolia, a young boarder, I am something late, 'tis true, but I could not defer it till to-morrow. Be pleased to open your gates, and receive her among your flock." The Superior accordingly ordered the gate to be opened, and conducted us to her own room, where she invited me very graciously to sit down by her side. I told her that when

when Don Juan had informed her who I was, and in what manner he had become acquainted with me, she would no longer consider me a proper person to be received in her community, but would restore me to a relation who was perhaps dying with grief and apprehension at my absence. "In the first place," said Don Juan, making a sign to his housekeeper to give the purse she had in charge to the Superior, "let us pay the rent of this holy asylumn. This purse," he continued, "belongs to the lady; the money it contains will serve for her expences, if she remains with you; and when it is gone, you must apply to me. If she leaves you, you will give it to her, after deducting

her board, and the other expences of the convent."

Don Juan then related to the Superior every circumstance of my arrival at Aranjuez, not even omitting the dreadful suspicions which he has manifested as to my aunt's conduct.—"From all this," said he to the Superior, "I concluded that my first step should be to entrust this child to your care without prejudice to any other arrangements which it may be found eligible to make."

During Don Juan's narration, the Superior, who listened to it with great attention, frequently looked at me with tenderness, saying, "Poor little child, she well deserves to be taken care of."

When Don Juan had done speaking, I found

I found courage to tell him that I felt too much humbled by his bounty, and must refuse it altogether, that I had no pretensions to a place in the convent to which he had brought me, and expected to be taken back to my aunt.

Upon this the Superior interposed, by observing that she considered the measures Don Juan had taken, were perfectly consistent with reason and propriety, and that when she had sent to make my aunt acquainted with them, she could not imagine I could find any objection to remain there at least till the next day, when it might be determined by all parties how I should be disposed of. Although I was far from being inclined to assent to this, I was at a loss to urge any reasonable

objection, and was therefore constrained to silence, which she construed into a consent, and accordingly dispatched a messenger to apprize my aunt of my arrival.

This being settled, Don Juan said to the Superior, "Do you know, sister Rosolia, that there is a very prevalent report that Cæsar de Suza, is fled to Naples? It is indeed almost certain; so that this wretch will be in our power at last. I have written to Don Pedro, and caused all the ministers throughout the world to write to him likewise, to send us this savage beast, that we may make an Auto da fè of him I insist on your leaving your convent that day to see the ceremony, it will be delightful; I will get you permission from the archbishop for the purpose."—"I have nothing

thing to say," answered the Superior, "to what you now inform me; my business is to ask pardon and mercy, not to condemn; I certainly shall not go to witness the dreadful ceremony, and though I should not be at the convent when it takes place, I would fly there to avoid it."

You may judge, Rosolia, after the dreadful secret which I have revealed to you, how great were my sufferings during this cruel conversation. It was a long time, since I had heard any news of my father, and I cannot describe my sensations on receiving this intelligence from Don Juan. I felt no shame at being the daughter of a man so execrated, but I felt enraged at this prejudice which metamorphosed my father into a villain, as well as the

the greatest alarm for the consequences of Don Juan's hatred towards him. I did not suffer myself to reflect, but giving way to my displeasure, I said to myself, well, I will at least take advantage of this sad news to reject the benefits of my sanguinary patron; I adopted this resolution more readily, as it appeared impossible for me to conceal who I was. My situation would not permit me to keep my secret long, and when it should be known, I should be reproached for having concealed it; this I determined, and therefore when Spinoletto was preparing to take leave of us, I said to him with perfect composure, "Signor, be pleased to sit down again for a moment, while I reveal something of the highest importance.

I have

I have deceived you hitherto, but will deceive you no longer: you thought me deserving of your bounty, and I am altogether unworthy of it. You thought me pure and spotless, and I am covered with opprobrium; you owe me nothing but your hatred and contempt.—Yes, Signor, I have deceived you, I have said falsely; I said that my name was Josephine Roidera; it is not so; I am Josephine de Suza; I am the daughter of Cæsar....."—"How horrible!" exclaimed Don Juan pacing the parlour like a madman, "horrible! the daughter of a monster!"—"No, no," exclaimed I in my turn, "say rather of the man whose goodness and work cannot be excelled."

"You are loathsome to my sight,"

continued

continued Don Juan, "It was atrocious in you, not to have informed me of this when we first met. What a base contrivance, what an infamous plot! With what cunning it has been put together! but I am not to be caught in such a snare; I....."—"Don Juan," said the Superior, interrupting him, "you talk of contrivances and plots, and seek for cunning where all is candour; for such in my opinion, is this young person's conduct. We must not torture our imagination to find what does not exist."—"You reason very well for a nun," answered Don Juan, "but I who am accustomed to the world can see a little farther than you do. I do not mean to accuse the young person of duplicity, I believe

believe with you that she is very candid, and it is possible that in acting this part she thought she did well. Under these considerations she is at liberty to enjoy what I have given, though I shall certainly withhold my protection for the future. But there is an aunt in the play: do not you see that it was concerted, that they flattered themselves that in sending the niece to me at Aranjuez, I should grant all that she would ask in behalf of her father?"—"What a man!" I exclaimed, in a rage, "how insulting! how unfeeling! how barbarous! pray let us be gone," I continued addressing myself to the Superior, "I can no longer bear the presence of this cruel enemy to my father."

We

We then went away, and I heard Don Juan mutter that I might go but that my aunt and I should hear from him again.

The rest is known to you, dear Rosolia: Am I sufficiently humbled in your sight? Do you find ought to pity in my fate? Is it fitting that I should stay in this house? Can I, without degrading myself in my own eyes, consent to receive benefactions of the man who is my father's deadly persecutor."

Such, my dear Fernando, was the account your Josephine gave of herself: when she had finished, I did my best to console her. "At all events," said I to her, "let us not lose courage yet? to-day will probably decide your fate; you will certainly see your aunt, and can consult

sult with her what I had better do. If you should leave the convent, it will be a matter of sincere regret to me, for I am not frightened by what they think of your father. I do not renounce the hope of having you for a friend, and even for a sister, notwithstanding all you have said, we shall always love one another I am well assured."

To confess the truth, my dear brother, I know not how all this will end; I am not learned enough to read the pages of futurity. This Don Juan alarms me exceedingly; I will write you an account by next post of all that happens. Always love your sister Rosolia. I assure you that without enquiring any further, the friendship which you bear Josephine,

endears

endears her greatly to me. I intend to make her talk about you, and will make a faithful report of all that she says to me.

LETTER III.

Rosolia Texada, to her brother, Fernando Texado.

Madrid, 30 *Sep.* 17—.

LET us proceed by dates, my dear Fernando, that I may know whereabouts I am. It was in the morning of the 25th, that your beautiful Josephine, a thousand times more beautiful and amiable than I first thought her, was treacherously taken away. She arrived at Aranjeuz in the evening,

evening. On the evening of the 26th, she entered the convent. On the morning of the 27th, we breakfasted together, and she told me her lamentable history. I have now to make you acquainted with with what has happened since that time.

When I had used my endeavours to console her, and was satisfied by her composure that they had not been altogether fruitless, I employed myself in writing you the long letter of the 28th, which I was not able to finish till that morning, though I was excused from all other duties but that of attending on Josephine, and was thereby enabled to devote the remainder of the day to you; for when she understood I was about to write to you, the

she amused herself with my books, and would not suffer me to do any thing else, till the hour of our separation. I arose early the next morning, and contrived to finish it before the hour of her appearance; now to proceed.

After we had been together a short time, we were joined by the Superior, who brought three letters, which came for her the preceding evening, requesting her to read them in her presence.

Josephine took the letters, and finding that one of them was the hand-writing of her aunt, she kissed it with transport, and of course read it first. The following are copies of all three.

Letter

Letter from Charlotte de Suza, to Josephine de Suza.

" THE joy of finding you again,
" my dear niece, will give me strength,
" and enable me to reach your convent.
" I am at present entirely ignorant of your
" history, but I trust that no evil has be-
" fallen you, and that heaven has pro-
" tected my dear child."

Letter from Don Carlos de Massarena, to Josephine de Suza.

" I HAVE been informed by my
" uncle, of all that has happened to you,
" and you cannot doubt the concern I
" felt

" felt at your misfortune. I am rejoiced " that my uncle has placed you in the " convent of Lescalasses. I am withheld " by a due regard to your own interest, " from coming to see you immediately, " but I will have the pleasure of ac- " companying your aunt to-morrow af- " ternoon, when we will deliberate on " what is most proper to be done in your " situation.

" Having something to communicate " to Miss Rosoiia Texada, which con- " cerns her personally, I should be glad " that she made one at our meeting. If " you do not know her yet, the Superior " will introduce you to her."

Letter

Letter from Francisco Sancho to Josephine de Suza.

" YOUR aunt who informed me of " her misfortune in losing you, my dear " god-daughter, has also informed that " you are found again, and in a house " where I am very desirous of your stay- " ing till every thing is determined con- " cerning you. I recommend you not to " stir out of it, for there you are exposed " to no risk. I am persuaded that your " father, whose authority I hold in his " absence, would command, if he were " present, what I now advise. Do all in " your power, then, to remain in the con- " vent. As for your board, it is a mat-

" ter which concerns me. If I have the " authority of a parent, I must also take " upon me the care of one. I will en- " deavour to call and see you to-morrow, " and will see if your aunt is able to come " with me. In the mean time, I have " good news to give you ; which is, that " I am no more troubled with Ambrose. " He has enlisted in Don Carlos's regi- " ment. Adieu, my dear god-daughter; " I hope that the pleasure I feel at know- " ing you are found again, will soon be " succeeded by that of knowing you are " happy. Such is the most ardent wish " of your affectionate god-father."

When Josephine had read these letters, the Superior left us to ourselves, having signified

signified that I might consider myself at liberty for the remainder of the day.

I took advantage of this opportunity to invite her to confidence, and talk to her concerning you, and I am enabled by this conversation, to assure you, that she does not hate you; when I pressed her on the subject of your design towards her, she avoided giving me any answer, by urging the impossibility of such an occurrence, but I am well disposed to believe that when she is convinced the thing is possible, she will think twice before she resolves on a refusal; and if I have any discernment, when fortune has been propitious to your wishes in all other points, you will not languish long for her consent.

When I had finished my examination, she in her turn examined me, and interrogated me about my inclination to the holy life, and my sentiments towards Don Carlos. I do not now remember the questions and answers, but she discovered that I blushed exceedingly, and concluded by telling me that I should never be a nun.

The conversation ended, we amused ourselves with my music; I found her a little more scientific than myself; she has likewise a more powerful voice, and sings with more feeling.

In the afternoon, we were summoned to attend the Superior in the parlour; I shall not attempt to describe the transports of Josephine on seeing her aunt again.

again. I never witnessed more powerful affection than they manifested towards each other on this occasion. Don Carlos and Signor Sancha were likewise in the parlour. The latter took a purse from his pocket, and told the Superior that madam Charlotte was come to pay for her niece's board, "I am paid already," said the Superior, "and if every one pays for this child, the community will be too rich. Besides we do not know yet what is to be determined on with respect to this little girl. We must in the first place give ear to Signor Don Carlos, who may probably have something of consequence to communicate. My dear child," continued the Superior, addressing herself to Don Carlos, "you are quite pale and thin, I am

afraid you take the concerns of your friends too much to heart. Tell us, if you please, whether any thing has occurred since you saw your uncle, which interests this child. Let us know all, and then we shall see what ought to be done with her."

"You may easily suppose, Madam," answered Don Carlos, "that the lady's adventure caused some commotion in our house. As soon as I had informed my mother that Astucia was the contriver of this plot, and that he had made use of a chaise with our arms, to effect his abominable purpose, she became justly indignant at him, and was desirous of proceeding against him with the utmost rigour. I had great difficulty in prevailing on her to forbear,

forbear; which, however, I at length did, by representing that the affair was such as should be proceeded in as quietly as possible, least the honor of the young lady who is concerned, might suffer by its publicity, and that it was adviseable to suspend all resolutions, till it was known what had become of Astucia, and how he had disposed of his prey.

In the evening I sent to the woman's lodgings, whither the lady had been allured, to know if Astucia had made his appearance; but the abandoned woman, alarmed no doubt at my threats, had immediately after my leaving her, sent for a legion of porters, and had packed up with wonderful dispatch. I caused a corregidor, to be informed of it, who traced the

porters, and at length discovered the culprit. She is now in close confinement, and will shortly embark with some other creatures of her kind for one of the islands in South America.

Astucia arrived the following morning, and my mother lost no time in apprizing him that he must quit the house in three or four days, during which time she forbade him to set his foot in my apartment. He had the insolence to answer that he should receive no orders but from Don Pedro my father, and that he must likewise know whether my uncle Don Juan approved such orders. My mother was greatly enraged at this insolence, and told him that she confined him to one hour, the delay which her commisseration had at first induced

her

her to grant him, and that if at the expiration of that time, he had not left the house forever, she would have him thrown out of the window, to prove to him her title to his obedience.

Notwithstanding my mother's prohibition, Astucia came weeping to me, and beseeched me to use my influence with my mother that the order should be revoked. I told him that if he did not instantly obey, I would give notice to a corregidor, who would send him to keep company with his dear Meretrica. He had the impudence to ask me for a present besides the salary allowed him by my father. I answered, that I would make a present of three quadruples to the people of the house, who would help him to pack

up, that he might be the sooner out of my presence; and so indeed I did. When he was on the outside of the door, I heard him reproaching me with want of gratitude, and threatening to make my uncle disinherit me. At the expiration of the hour, he left the house, amidst the hissings and hootings of all the servants, and as I am informed, in a most desperate rage.

My uncle came to our house a few hours after Astucia's dismissal, and made us acquainted with the affair, as far as he was concerned, and gave us an account of all that he had done, which afforded us both great satisfaction. When my mother was informed that Astucia had been daring enough to use her name to assist this

this odious intrigue, she was incensed beyond measure, and insisted that my uncle should join her in punishing the man in the most exemplary manner; but my uncle's resentment was not so warm, and he even took part with me, in persuading her that Astucia's baseness ought not to be published.

If, however, he was not enraged against Astucia, he neither spared curses, nor menaces against every individual, bearing the name of de Suza. After telling us that the lady in question was so called, he declared it to be his belief that Astucia had conducted the whole affair under the direction of madam Charlotte, who had thought that he could not refuse the entreaties of the niece, to forbear all further

pursuit against Cæsar. I need not tell you, that I used all the rhetoric I was master of, to combat this unjust and odious suspicion; but my uncle treated me like a child, capable of the most monstrous credulity. He declared that he would take such measures, that Cæsar should be instantly sent to Madrid, and that as for the aunt and niece he would have them banished for ever from society. I represented to him, that even if he considered himself justified in his projects of revenge against Cæsar, the aunt and niece ought not to be involved in his hatred; that in proportion to his rigour against Cæsar, his interest towards them ought to encrease; that it would be no less barbarous than unjust, to persevere in an animosity

mosity against these innocent persons, which ought wholly to be directed against him, who was thought guilty, and finally, that even though the stratagem which he wrongfully imputed to Madam Charlotte were real, he had no cause of displeasure against Josephine, since he allowed that she was all candour.

I am ashamed to repeat what my uncle said on this subject. In his opinion, the very name of de Suza was sufficient to criminate all who bore it. "There are," said he, "certain classes of people, who ought to be wholly exterminated, and they form one of them." Finding it was impossible to conquer his designs, either against Cæsar, or the ladies related to him, I could think of no better means of serving

serving the former, than instantly to dispatch a courier to my father with a note in these words: "By all the affection that you bear me, my dear and ever-honoured father, if it be true, as is reported here, that Cæsar de Suza is at Naples, secure him, and do not give him up."

I shall send similar directions to Fernando, by the first post, and I have no doubt but that as soon as they get to hand, my father and he will take Cæsar de Suza under their especial protection, at least till they hear from me again.

As to the ladies, I have been obliged to content myself with observing my uncle's steps. About 9 o'clock the next morning, a young actress, called Settenilla, came to see him; and immediately after she

she was gone, he went out, saying that he should soon be back. I caused him to be followed, and learned that he was gone to some of the ministers, who are now at Madrid.

As soon as he returned, I went into his room. "Well, my child," said he to me, "I have not been long gone, but I have transacted a deal of business. Few people proceed with more dispatch than myself, and none can be surer of success." I asked him what he had determined about Astucia.—"Oh! as for him," he answered, "let us say no more about him; I cannot be angry with him. Little Settenilla, who is a very clever girl, has been to see me this morning, and talked with me a long time about him. What he did

was

was to please me, and if the affair has not turned out as he wished it, the fault is not his; he has still done his best to serve me. You who cannot see beyond the present moment, have inhumanely turned him away. You should at least, if you have any respect for me, have waited for my orders for so doing. I was obliged to compensate him for the loss of his employment, and have obtained for him, till I can do better, a very comfortable place in the War Office, he will enter on his functions to day."

I told my uncle, that after the shameful manner in which Astucia had behaved, my mother must take it very ill that any one of the family should do any thing in his behalf; and that as for myself I would take

take good care to make his character known to the minister who was to employ him. He replied, that I used him ill; that it did not become me to disparage his choice in the opinion of the ministers; that if his sister did not approve what he had done, he would quarrel with her; and finally, that he could not remind us too often that we were all dependant on him. I then asked him if that was all he had done in the morning. He answered that he had made the ministers promise to write again to Don Pedro, to urge him to apprehend Cæsar de Suza, and send him forthwith to Madrid; and that as for the aunt and niece, he had obtained an order for their confinement. Immediately I heard this last dreadful news, I quitted my uncle

uncle with the greatest abruptness, and without losing a moment, repaired to the minister, to whose department orders of this kind belong. He informed me, that the order had actually been solicited, and even promised by the king; that consequently he could not prevent its being executed the same day; but that he would render it as little painful as he could, and after what I had told him, he allowed that the place of their detention ought to be as little unpleasant as possible.

With respect to Astucia, I have not been more lucky. The Minister at War said, that as the man was recommended by three or four personages of high consideration, he could not refuse to admit him into

into his office, where he must remain, at least, till I should commit to writing the enormities I complained of, and had obtained my father's signature to it. "This," said Don Carlos, in conclusion, "is all that I have been able to do; and I sincerely regret that I have not more welcome news to communicate."

We listened to Don Carlos with the greatest attention, all the time he spoke, and I observed that every one partook the admiration with which he inspired me. This friend of your's, my dear Fernando, is indeed a most accomplished gentleman. The excellence of his nature shone forth in his eyes at the time he spoke. Charlotte and Josephine thanked him for all that he had done in their behalf, with every

every due expression of gratitude. "The goodness of your heart," said he to them, "makes you attach a value where there is really none, since all I have done has been of no avail. Cæsar still groans under a dreadful sentence, and you will be deprived of your liberty."

As soon as he had done speaking, the parlour door was opened, and a man made his appearance, whose physiognomy was far from engaging. He held in his hand a long black stick, which had an ivory ball at the end of it. His coat was blue, with silver lace. He asked for the Superior, and as soon as she had answered to his enquiry, he put his hat under his arm, and taking a sealed paper from his pocket, "Here," said he, "is an order from

from the king, which I am charged to make known to you. I will read, that you may say whether or not it is in your power to pay obedience to its contents. As soon as you have declared your ability to obey it, I will deliver it to you, and you shall give me a discharge. Listen in silence, and with respect.

"*To sister Rosolia, Superior of the convent of Lescalasses.*

"IT is commanded that you receive in the said convent, Charlotte de Suza, alias Roidera, and Josephine de Suza, alias Roidera, mantua-makers, and Sempstresses, and there keep them without allowing them egress therefrom, under any

any pretext whatever, till further orders."

Signed, *Yo el Ré*, and *Rodriguez de las Palmas y Desconcelles*, Secretary of State.

"Signor exempt," said the Superior, "I have attended to your order; it is a useless formality to ask of me for a declaration of obedience, but I desire that you indorse upon your copy, that if I obey, my obedience is voluntary, because as my convent is not a prison, I have the power, if I were disposed to use it, to make those repent, who by issuing such an order, would transform me into a gaoler. Give me your paper, and I will write you a discharge."

"Thus

"This is not all," said the Exempt, on his discharge being given to him, "Josephine de Suza, alias Roidera, ought already to be here." "Yes," answered the Superior, "there she is: this is the child."—Then replied the Exempt, "I must beg to enter her in my book, in virtue of a second order, of which I bear." He then proceeded to describe her in his book, and on finding that Madam Charlotte was with her, he observed the same formalities towards her, after which he said to the Superior, "I have only now to deliver to you this letter from the Minister, by which you will see that you will be allowed two pistoles per day, for the maintenance of each of the two prisoners during all the time of their detention.

As

As soon as he was gone, the Superior, addressing herself to Madam Charlotte, said, "You must know, madam, that we have two different classes of boarders, one consists of those, who like my little Rosolia, are here for their education; with them we do not use much ceremony: we allot to them a little cell, wherein there is a bed, a table, a praying desk, and two chairs, which is all they can be in need of. The other class consists of persons of a more advanced age, who come here for two or three months, as the circumstances of their case may require. To them we assign a more commodious apartment, and a room to serve them as a parlour. We do not admit any communication between them, and the interior of the

the convent; they have a garden a-part, and a particular place in the church. It is an apartment of this kind that I shall have prepared for you. You will have the best of them, for at this moment you are the only boarder of this class. I will allow my little Rosolia to pass an hour with you once every week which is all the society I can afford you. If the service of our lay-sisters will be sufficient, you will have no occasion to seek assistance out of doors. By means of the four pistoles allowed for the maintenance of yourself and niece, you will be enabled to live at your ease, for your board and lodging will not come to half that sum. So that the Signor Sancha may take his purse again. As for Don Juan's quadruples, I will give

them to Don Carlos, who will be good enough to return them.

Thus then every thing is settled; there is no reason why I should have been a party in the affair; but since it has pleased Don Juan that it should be so, I am not sorry for it. You must leave the rest to providence, and be grateful for what is done; for since you are doomed to a prison, you will find this less disagreeable than any other.

The Superior was getting up, and we were all about to separate, when Don Carlos asked permission to speak to me in private. "I never permit a *tête-a-tête*," said the Superior. "If you cannot speak out, you must keep your secret."—"I only asked for a private conversation

tion, because I was averse to speak out on a subject which concerns Miss Rosolia alone. I was going to inform you, Rosolia, that your sister has taken a strong fancy to the married state."—"Well?" Is that all you have to say? I told you that Isabella is determined to marry."—"And how does that concern me?"—"It ought to concern you; she is your your sister, and it is impossible that you should be indifferent to a resolution so material to her future welfare."—"Indeed I care nothing about her marriage."—"You are in a most unaccountable humour to-day. Is it really indifferent to you then whether she marries or not?"—"Quite indifferent—But if she should marry..... Let her marry whom she

likes."—"Do you know who that is?"—"I suppose I do."—"And do you approve her choice?"—"I suppose I must." "And who do you suspect she is going to marry?"—"I suspect she is going to marry the very man. . . ."—"Whom she ought not to marry: is not that what you were going to say."—"The very same."—"Well then, she will marry him."—"Marry! . . . . . Whom?"—"Wanderghen."—"Ah! the evil is not so great then as you would make it."—"I do not understand you."—"But why would not you have her marry Wanderghen?"—"Can you really put that question to me, to me who am your brother's friend, and knowing as you do all that has passed between us?"—"I know

all

all that very well, but I cannot understand why you should be so greatly concerned because Isabella does not marry just as you wish her."—" You cannot understand!"—" No, I cannot account for the uncommon interest you take in the affair; but if I do not understand, I suspect the reason."—" Let us finish this conversation, Rosolia, I will say no more about it. I never saw you in such a temper as your present one, and it grieves me. You are certainly troubled with some very unaccountable humour."—" Well, and if it be so," said I to him, shedding a few tears, which I could not restrain; " what is there astonishing in that? You have your sorrows, and surely I may have mine, without deserving to be

treated so harshly by you."—" Adieu, Rosolia, if I am in the wrong, I sincerely ask your pardon; but either you have not understood me, or I have greatly misunderstood you."—Don Carlos said no more, but immediately went away with Signor Sancha. I retired with Josephine into my own room; she told me many afflicting truths, and said that for the sake of your happiness and my own, I ought to renounce the conversation and society of Don Carlos for ever.

To confess the truth, my dear friend, I am quite lost to myself, I am become melancholy and careless, and seek to be alone that I may cry with greater freedom. This conversation with Don Carlos has done me an incredible mischief. Can

you

you imagine what a ridiculous notion entered my head when he spoke to me about Isabella's marriage; would you believe that I was foolish enough to think that he was unwilling she should marry, because he was jealous of her love? What foolish vanity! As if my sister or myself were an object worthy to be loved by Don Carlos, as you love your Josephine. It was that thought, however, that made my behaviour so despicable, when he mentioned this unfortunate marriage; it was that thought which has made me cry since he spoke of it, and caused him to behave to me in a manner, not very delicate, I assure you, for every body perceived that he was displeased with me.

What does all this mean, my dear brother Fernando? You are the only one in the world who love me as I wish to be loved. Give me your opinion of all that I have now told you, and tell me in what manner I shall conduct myself, for I do not know myself, and Josephine enjoins me to what is not practicable. She wishes me neither to speak to, nor think of Don Carlos any more. Is that possible? And would not you yourself scold me for shewing such an indifference for your friend?

Adieu, my dearest brother. Your poor Rosolia is very wretched. I will write to you again by next post if any thing should happen either to Josephine or myself, which it is important you should know.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

The same to the same.

Madrid, 2 *Oct.* 17—.

O FERNANDO! O my dear and only friend. Your Rosolia is in despair; she is undone! . . . . . What a scene! I shall not long survive it. Don Carlos, your friend Don Carlos hates me, abhors me. . . . I cannot bear the thought. I wish I was dead! Yes, he abhors me, I am sure of it. And yet what have I done to displease him? Why, nothing, nothing at all. You shall judge yourself. I will relate to you with the greatest truth how it happened.

The day before yesterday, in the afternoon, the Superior sent to tell me that I was wanted in the parlour by somebody from my mother, and not being able to go with me herself she sent sister Bridget in her stead. Could I do otherwise than go, when I was told it was somebody from my mother? I found it to be Signor Wanderghen. He had his arm in a sling, not being yet entirely cured of his wound. He gave me a letter from my mother, of which the following is a copy:

'As I expect that the Signor Wanderghen will shortly be your brother-in-law, I have, at his request, consented that he should see you. I require that you give him a good reception, and

and that you speak to him of your sister as becomes you.'

As soon as I had read the letter, we sat down, and I asked him if he had any thing particular to say to me. He answered by a parcel of compliments which put me to the blush, and indulged in several jests on the convent and sister Bridget, extremely offensive both to her and myself. Amongst his other compliments, I remember his telling me that he found the younger sister infinitely more amiable than the elder; that the engagement he had entered into was not irrevocable; that it was indeed a rash one, inasmuch as he had not been assured by myself whether I was not disposed to re-

nounce the holy life; that if I would return to the world, and would agree to a proposition he had to make with respect to Don Carlos, he would break off his engagement with Isabella in my behalf. He added many other impertinent things of the same kind, to which I gave no answer, and which have since escaped my memory.

On a sudden the parlour door opened, and I saw Don Carlos enter attended by his servant Cascara. On seeing me with Wanderghen, he stood for some time motionless. At length looking with a dreadful look and magisterial tone, he exclaimed, "Rosolia, what are you doing here with this man? Are not you ashamed of yourself! . . ." "This man," said Wanderghen,

derghen, getting up, and putting on his hat, "has proved to you that he is as good as another."—"Begone, you wretch, begone instantly, and do not with your corruption infect this asylum of peace and virtue? Begone, I say, and if you would not provoke me to bring you to utter destruction, never appear in the same place with me again."—"Signor Wanderghen," said Cascara to him, holding his fist to his face, "you surely do not want another duel here, so pray get out of doors." As he said this, he pushed him out of the parlour and shut the door upon him. I heard Wanderghen cry from the outside: "A very legal procedure, Don Carlos; but you forget that there is such a thing as retaliation."—"You did wrong," said

Don

Don Carlos to his servant; "you ought never to strike any body. Ah! Rosolia," he continued, addressing himself to me: "I could never have thought that with such an appearance of innocence and ingenuousness, you would have leagued against me in such a manner."—"What have I done then?" said I to him, "with whom . . ."—"Hold your tongue," answered he, rudely. "What! Do you pretend to justify yourself?—What! after all that has passed between Wanderghen and me, between Wanderghen and your brother! . . . Ah! Madam, it is an outrage I did not suppose you capable of, and is wholly inexcusable."—"You will not hear me," said I to him; "you judge by appearances. . . . ."—"By appearances!"

he

he exclaimed in an absolute rage, " By appearances! Cannot I trust to what I see? Were not you seated there, and Wanderghen there? Were you not talking together with all the familiarity of friendhip. . . . ? To be sure," added he, in a similar tone, " I have no right over you; you are the mistress of your heart.—Adieu, Rosolia. Good God! continued he with a sigh, if you did but know what a friend you lose. . . ." He said no more but ran out of the room without once looking back upon me.

Oh then, my dear Fernando, I lost all sense of dignity and modesty, and I exclaimed with all my force: " Don Carlos, Don Carlos, come back; in God's name come back."—" Never!" he inhumanly

inhumanly answered, and instantly disappeared. What became of me on hearing this dreadful *Never*, I can't tell. It seemed to me as if the coldness of death had frozen to my heart, and its heaviness had closed my eyes. I fell senseless in my chair, and neither saw nor heard any thing that was passing. I know not how long I remained in this state, but when I awoke I found myself in the arms of your Josephine, attended by her aunt and sister Bridget. I was, however, so weak, that I was obliged to be carried to my bed.—Josephine sat by my bed side. She endeavoured to console me by persuading me that there was some misunderstanding on the part of Don Carlos, and promised that her aunt should write to him to come the

the next day, and that she would effect our reconciliation.

With this assurance I passed the night with more composure, but feeling that I had a fever upon me, I did not get up the next morning. Towards eleven o'clock Josephine came to my room, and I saw by the redness of her eyes, and the disorder of her looks, that she had some evil news to announce. "Rosolia," said she to me, "we are both of us unfortunate;" "Then let the misfortunes which attend our steps be a bond of union between us. Yes, let us be sisters. Live for my sake as I would live for your's."—"My aunt," continued she, "wrote to Don Carlos this morning, requesting to speak with

with him in the course of the day, and here is the answer in his own writing. . ."

What an answer, my dear Fernando! You will yourself be lost in despair when you have read it. It was traced with a trembling hand and was scarcely legible. You have here a faithful copy.

' I am unable, Madam, to attend to your invitation; I have been a prey for some weeks past to an internal disease which has consumed my heart and heated my blood. It attacked me with such violence yesterday after I had left the convent, that I was forced to go to bed, which I have no prospect of being able to leave. A thousand kind remembrances

to

to your dear niece. You see that you are not the only unfortunate ones in the world.'

Not one word, said I, after having read it, not one word of poor Rosolia. He will die, and he will die hating me! No, let him live, let him recover and be happy! and let providence dispose of Rosolia as it will..... Josephine, he is sick. If I were to write.... "My kind friend," said Joephine, "you cannot imagine how greatly you have interested me, how strongly I am attached to you, how sincerely I love you! Yield to the advice of friendship; do nothing but what my aunt shall direct you; it will be her daily care to give you tidings of Don Carlos' health.

health. And I, dearest Fernando, I too, am attached to your Josephine, and can never endure a separation from her. It is owing to her tender consolation, to her sweet discourse, that I am not overcome by my misfortune; the fever has entirely left me. But if Don Carlos dies, my friend Fernando, your Rosolia will die too.—You will lose her on the same day and at the same hour when you lose him.—Farewell. I am too much affected by the thought to write any longer.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Spinoletto de Massarena to Don Pedro de Massarena.

Madrid, 28 *Oct.* 17—.

MY eyes are bathed with tears, as you will easily observe by this paper. I am the most wretched of mothers, and you are the most wretched of fathers: Our son, the poor Don Carlos, is hastening to his grave.... He has at length sunk under the grief which we have sought in vain to know the cause of. He has been evidently growing worse for some days past. On coming home the night before last, he was so ill as to be obliged to go to bed instantly, and during the

the night he had a slight fit of delirium. Yesterday I had a consultation of physicians: alas! they know no more of his complaint than myself. One says it is in the heart, another in the liver, and a third in the spleen. It is a confusion sufficient to distract one: the poor child said to me after the consultation was finished, "He who pronounces that the complaint is in my heart, is the most skilful, he is in the right; but as the heart is a noble part, when it is attacked there is no cure." He has taken it into his head that he cannot be cured, and though I employ every means that can be devised, I cannot banish the dreadful thought from his mind. What have I not done to induce him to disclose the cause of his melancholy

lancholy ? have I not granted all he has asked of me, and more perhaps than I was justified in granting? He solicited my interest in behalf of the daughter and sister of the execrable Cæsar de Suza ; he prevailed. It was at my request that the convent of Lescalasses was allotted to them for a prison ; he wished me to write to the eldest daughter of that woman Texada, to that blockhead Isabella, forbidding her to marry a man named Wanderghen, who is patronised by my brother ; I resisted this folly as long as I could, but at length, to please him, I was forced to write the letter.

All this has proved ineffectual, and the secret is still his own. I have observed too, that he has behaved in a very whimsical

whimsical and extraordinary manner of late. It was he who acquainted me that my old friend was Superior of the convent of Lescalasses; I resolved to renew my acquaintance with her, and one day when my vapours allowed me a short intermission, I went to the convent; I wished him to go with me, and he actually refused; I was obliged to exert all my authority, and his uncle, who was at the house, almost dragged him along to make him attend me. I arrive there, and I find a Texado; it was Rosolia. These Texados pursue me every where. My dear friend presents this child to me and talks of nothing but her; to say the truth she is very much improved, and looks extremely interesting. When we returned

home

home, my son talked incessantly of Rosolia, and insisted that I should pronounce her as handsome as an angel. He thinks on nothing but the Texados: In the short fit of his delirium he passed them all in review. Finally to give you an idea of his unaccountable caprice, I must tell you that he has suffered himself to be seduced to an incredible degree by this abominable family de Suza.

I have passed over all these follies, pardoned them all, and granted all, but still I gained no ground; the physicians afford me no consolation; they say that his complaint will be of long duration, but they do not say that it is curable. What can be done? To what Saint must we offer prayers for the health of this dear

child, who surpassed our most sanguine hopes? All who know him are concerned at his situation, and I see plainly that their sorrow is sincere. There is not an officer or common man throughout his regiment who is not foremost to praise him, and you cannot conceive how highly he is spoken of by the ministers; he is particularly esteemed by them; so much, that having yesterday announced to them his illness, I have this morning received a letter from the prime minister expressive of the greatest kindness and concern for the dear child; in which he says, that on his account it was resolved, without hesitation, to postpone the review till his recovery. He could not receive a more honourable and flattering mark of the esteem

esteem he is held in by the government. But alas! all these glorious testimonies cannot restore my son's health. In the excess of his delirium he repeatedly asked for that Fernando whom you have with you in spite of my better counsel, and persisted in calling him his true and only friend. This morning he said to Cascara, " Were it not that you and my mother are near me, I should die here as in a foreign land, for I have neither my father nor my friend; if I could see my dear Fernando by my side, I should not be cured, for he is no physician, but I should at least feel some consolation in dying " If indeed I thought that it would be a means of affording him the least degree of comfort, I would not object to his being surround-

ed by all the Texados that the world can produce, notwithstanding my aversion to that name. And I trust, that you will at length allow that this aversion is not unfounded. You must plainly see that if my son had never known a Texado, we should not be reduced to the desperate situation we now are. It is by frequenting those people that he acquired that lonely sorrow, which is now become a serious malady: but the reproaches I could bestow on this subject can now avail me nothing. You see the bitter fruits of your incredulity. If Heaven should inspire you with a thought how Don Carlos' peace and health may be restored, impart it to me instantly. Whatever be the remedy you suggest, I will

will adopt it ; no one shall dissuade me from a measure connected with the preservation of all that is dear to us.

I shall not trust this letter to the post ; I shall confide it to the diligence of a courier, with my orders to make all possible haste, and to hire as many horses as he thinks proper. Send me your answer by the same conveyance.

I have this moment received your letter concerning Astucia. I had anticipated your intention ; I dismissed him with every mark of disgrace some few days ago, for reasons which Don Carlos tells me you are already informed of. My brother, who persists in protecting this wicked wretch, has procured him a place in the War Office ; were it not, however,

that I have powerful motives for keeping on terms with Spinoletto, he should not wait long for his dismissal.

You may suppose after what I have related respecting Don Carlos, that my health is much worse, but I now disregard it altogether, and I would chearfully consent to be afflicted with a fit every minute, if by my sufferings I could promote our son's recovery.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

Laurenzo Cascara to Don Pedro Massarena.

Madrid, 2 *Oct.* 17—.

BY the desire of doctor San Domingo, I take the liberty to write to you, what he was afraid to confess to my honoured mistress, namely, that he has no hope of my master's recovery; that by means of what he terms restoratives, he may perhaps prolong his life for a short time; but that he cannot live above six weeks at most.

My master regrets exceedingly the absence of Signor Fernando.

All here is consternation and mourning. The Signora has forbidden all diversion. She has shut the door against all company. The silence which reigns throughout the house is as great as if we were all statues. I have no more to say at present, but that I remain always your respectful, obedient, and faithful servant.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Isabella Texada to Solomon Wanderghem.

3 *Oct.* 17—.

IT is a long time since you have been to see us. You neglect me shamefully. I wished particularly to see you, to tell you of a letter which my mother received some days ago from the Signora Massarena, but since you do not come, I send you a copy of this letter, that you may determine how to act in consequence.

Letter from Spinoletta Massarena to Figuera Texada.

'The interest which our family takes in the welfare of yourself and children

(the effects of which you must have felt too sensibly not to acknowledge), warrants me in saying that I disapprove in the highest degree of the marriage you project for your elder daughter with Solomon Wanderghen. It is impossible you should be ignorant of the enormity of this man's conduct towards my son, and it appears to me, that this consideration alone should have withheld you from listening to the proposals of a man, who, but for the excess of Don Carlos' generosity, would have met the most disgraceful and exemplary chastisement.—You are certainly the mistress of your actions, and may do as you think fit; but I declare, that if this marriage should take place, I shall be incensed to a degree

gree highly prejudicial to you, and I am confident my husband Don Pedro will partake my resentment.'

I must inform you, Wanderghen, that after receiving this letter, my mother will no longer hear of our marriage. She says, that it would be the means of displeasing the Massarena's, and that Don Pedro would infallibly dismiss Fernando, which would distress her greatly, having no way of promoting him in the world. As for myself I imagine that you do not care to fulfil your promises, since you neither come nor write to me. You ought not, however, to forget the sacrifice I have made for your sake. I am now sorry that you have seen Rosolia.

She has made you change your mind. The giddy blockhead makes every one as capricious and inconsistent as herself. But I can console myself, and if you retract your word, I can retract mine without regret. There is no doubt but that this letter of the Signora Massarena was written at the desire of Don Carlos; and I think, without presumption, that I can guess the motives for Don Carlos doing so, particularly as I know he has had a mortal quarrel with Rosolia, who kept him away from me. I do not think myself greater than I am; I know well enough that I am not born to aspire very high; but unequal matches have been known before now. Determine then, Wanderghen, how you will act. I for

my

my own part am resolved; but I wait your answer to know whether I may restore to Don Carlos the liberty of revisiting us.

LETTER VIII.

Moses Wanderghen to Solomon Wanderghen his son.

Buen Retiro, 9 *Oct.* 17—.

I HAVE just received in due form the long wished licence for the purchase of the Marquisate, so that you are now as much a Marquis as if you were an established christian. You may assume the title immediately, for the bargain is concluded and the money deposited.

Health

Health to the Marquis of Rio Bello. That hardly sounds natural to me. Who could have told my father when he sold pen-knives, watch-strings, and tooth-picks, on the change at Amsterdam, that his son would be one day called Marquis. One has only to live to witness surprising things. You see what honours money can procure us; therefore be careful of it, my dear Solomon. You are living at Madrid at the rate of a nobleman; not content with the money I allow you, you give notes to people whom I know to be usurers. I paid one of them the 1st of this month for a sum, which if employed only at 20 per cent. would be a very pretty income; and a broker has just told me that I shall have to pay twice as much

on

on the 10th. Put some bounds to your expence, my friend, or you will soon be a ruined marquis.

You have acted admirably in the affair of this purchase. Do all in your power to keep in the good graces of the Lord of Aranjuez. His patronage is as valuable as gold. It was a good thought to employ little Settenilla. I understand that without her we should have done nothing at all. You must make her a present; and as these girls are no less than elegant, it must be a very handsome one. I will send you for the purpose a silver thimble in a green leather case, very little worn. It was pawned with me by a lady's maid who did not redeem it in proper time.

But

But, surely, Solomon, you do not think of marrying this Isabella Texada as is reported. I have made inquiries, and am told that they are all very poor. Now you are a Marquis, you must soar above such people; introduce yourself at court, and get the daughter of some wealthy Hidalgor.

Farewell, my son; I am going to direct this letter to the Marquis of Rio Bello, at Madrid. What a grand address! It is enough to drive us both mad. This convinces you, my Solomon, what an excellent thing it is to be rich. No more of Solomon Wanderghen. As for myself, as I intend carrying on trade another year, direct to me as formerly. A marquis

and

and pawnbroker would not look well together.

LETTER IX.

Solomon Wanderghen to Inigo Astucia.

10 *Aug.* 17—.

CUNNING and impudence for ever! the fearful and honest do but creep to preferment. I have attained the summit of my wishes. Fortune has raised me to the top of her wheel. I am now Marquis of Rio Bello, a distinguished member of the *Societad de los Amicos del pays*; a writer envied and persecuted, and thereby holding a first rank among all literary men of note. What else do I need to render

render me truly illustrious? A distinguished office at court; and since money does every thing, money shall effect this wonder; I do not despair of being ambassador and colleague of the fierce and haughty Don Pedro. To that end shall the future labours of my closet be directed, as well as my influence with the people of the court. You can assist me in this project. Your new place enabling you to connect yourself with the clerks in the different departments, you must make sure of such as are listened to by their masters; rain showers of gold upon them, or gain them as I have gained the voluptuary Don Juan; who, as you see, can refuse nothing to little Settenilla, and the pretty compa-

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nions I depute to do me service with him.

Let us proceed to see in what other ways I have been crowned with success. The gods themselves have made my vengeance their care. That fellow Don Carlos is stretched upon the bed of death; from which, believe me, he will never rise more. San Domingo proclaims it aloud, and they say that his prophecy is ever allied to truth. Mark then, if this be not a proof that destiny interposes in my behalf. I received an affront from Don Carlos at the convent of Lescalasses, of so grievous a nature that I swore he should atone it with his blood. In two or three hours after this offence, he was laid upon the bed where death will shortly strike

him with his scythe. Really, my dear Astucia, when I see chastisement follow so close upon the crime, I am almost tempted to believe in providence. And does it not appear to you superlatively lucky, that fate should take in charge the execution of a sentence which I had myself pronounced against Don Carlos. When this young spark of the Massarena's is no more, what will become of the Texado breed, as Spinoletto terms them? Why, Don Pedro and his wife must yield to the clamours which will demand Fernando's expulsion. I have spread abroad in the world, and have happily possessed Don Juan with the notion, that the little Fernando has bewitched Don Carlos merely with a view to his promotion, and

I have

I have added, that the fellow had formed a design of making him marry one of his two sisters, in the hope that with such a brother-in-law, he would abound in riches and favour. These insinuations take very well in the world, where every evil report was sure to meet belief. Don Juan even acknowledges himself much indebted to me for having turned away his nephew from the elder sister, and having involved him in a quarrel with the younger. He is thoroughly persuaded that Don Carlos would have married one of them in the end; and he thinks that his illness proceeds solely from his regret at having lost the victory in his struggle with me. Such is the nature of man, Signor Astucia; let slander and calumny say any thing—they believe

believe all. Owing to these daily reports which I have sent flying, the coffee-houses and public walks resound with expressions of pity towards poor Don Carlos, and all deplore his infatuation in suffering himself to be thus led away by Fernando. They say that it was the regret Don Carlos felt at not being able to grant consistently with his honour, and the affection due to his parents, what the artful Fernando required of him, which sowed the seeds of a disease, at length become mortal. This opinion has gained such ground, that if Texado should now make his appearance on the prado, there would be a contention who should scramble up the first stone to cast at him.

The same thing must have been said in all

all the alehouses, and among the soldiery; for Ambrose, who has already conceived a strong friendship for his colonel, told me that he would willingly go to Naples to make an end of this rascal Fernando, who has caused Don Carlos' illness, and may perhaps cause his death. You may imagine what advantage can be taken of such a disposition, and that a head which is thus heated by an alehouse report, is a machine which may be worked to any purpose, when properly set a-going.

What tends to make Fernando appear completely odious, is his love for the daughter of the assassin de Suza. Every body is acquainted with it, and every body knows likewise that this same Josephine Roidera is the worthy daughter of the murderer

murderer of Joseph de la Torré. We are the cause of this discovery; for if you had not taken Josephine to Aranjuez, the thing would have been still unknown. Thus this innocent theft has turned out to our advantage. It has caused you to be expelled from the Massarena's; but this expulsion is in fact very fortunate for you. The Massarena house was a mere hole for you without a thoroughfare; and you are so well off where you are, that I would recommend you to renounce the consulship across the seas. Strive to become first clerk; and then, with a little good fortune, you may take a leap into the seat of the minister. In the mean time, pray take note, that the influence which you possess by virtue of your place,

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in obtaining pardons for the military, affords you the facility of assisting Ambrose and his comrades in any design we may be tempted to form against Don Carlos, should he strut forth into the world again; which I, however, do not expect.

To return to the little Fernando, and to the successful manner in which I have laboured on his account. No doubt is entertained but that it is through his love for Josephine that Madrid is deprived of the wished for sight of de Suza's punishment. They say that young as he is, he has gained as great an ascendancy over Don Pedro's mind as he has over Don Carlos'; they add, that de Suza is certainly at Naples, and that Fernando has not

only dissuaded the ambassador from delivering him up, but has had recourse to all imaginable means to make him believe that he is innocent; and upon these suspicions a history is formed. It is said that they have succeeded by means of money and friends in obtaining leave, that a criminal condemned to death shall be presented to the public for the real murderer of Joseph de la Torré; that they mean to promise this representative his pardon if he will confess to a crime which he has not committed; and having confessed all that they wish him, that he will be executed nevertheless. And all these contrivances, say they, are had recourse to, that a paltry student, who is

since

since become Secretary of Legation, may marry, without shame, the daughter of an assassin.

I admire, my dear Astucia, the greediness with which mankind catch at such falsehoods, and with what zeal they enlarge a wound given to reputation. I declare to you that I never said one hundredth part of what I have just related. I merely threw out a few suspicions and reflections here and there; all that you have just read, is but the commentary of my auditors. I will give you an instance, which made me ready to die with laughter, of the success with which the brain may be intoxicated by calumny. This morning, at the Prince's Coffee-house, I was accosted by a grave looking man, who

taking me aside, said: "I can tell you something, that will give you matter for reflection; The Secretary of Legation, at Naples, has rescued the murderer of Joseph de la Torré, and they live together in the greatest intimacy. It is a fact; I read a letter yesterday in the green-room of the theatre, which declares it for a truth."

Returned to the centre of the coffee-house, I very carelessly gave out what had just been whispered to me; when behold, a man not less than sixty years old, with his elbow upon the table, and his head upon his hand, knitted his brow, made several significant grimaces, and at length said; "Is there any proof that Fernando Texado did not know de Suza before now?

now? Is it proved that he was never at Aguilar del Campo? Is not he old enough to have been an accomplice of Cæsar's? It appears to me that in an affair of such consequence as the dreadful murder of Joseph de la Torré, these questions are well entitled to attention."

Bravo, my dear friends, said I to myself; you are fools, and being fools, you befriend the cause of impostors.

Do not suppose that I rest content with this essay at the power of fiction. No, that was merely to light up the flame in order that it may spread and be less easily extinguished. I send forth to the public view to-morrow, an anonymous pamphlet, intituled, "*Impartial Conjec-*

tures on the Murder of Joseph de la Torré."

Under the mask of impartiality, I will point out the misguided and inexperienced Secretary of Legation, giving to Cæsar the knife that stabbed Joseph de la Torré; and since, as Horace says, things which are *subjecta occulis*, gain infinitely more upon vulgar minds than those which are merely *demissa per aurem*; this pamphlet must have a much greater effect than the reports which have prevailed. You will yourself be alarmed at its effect. From one end of Spain to the other, every one will cry *tolle* against the Secretary of Legation. And who knows, whether by a counter-blow, the Ambassador himself may not be disgraced, laughed at, vilified

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and annihilated? My pleasures go on like my business; that is to say, I have no more reason to complain of fate in the former, than the latter. My little Seraglio, at Alcala, is an object of envy to more than one amateur.—You may imagine, that notwithstanding all I have said to the poor credulous Isabella, I am no more desirous of marrying just now, than you have of becoming a righteous man. I shall turn my thoughts towards marriage, when I am well established in my marquisate, and hold some important trust. Then I shall give freedom to my genius, and the noise I shall have made amongst the women will make them all attentive. I shall profit by the moment of their stupor and amazement, to throw the handkerchief;

and it is in the class of the *los primos*, that I design to throw it. I feel that my mind will furnish me with resources, to get a wife amongst the daughters of the Spanish demi-gods.

You see by this how I mean to act towards Isabella. In order to add to my renown and overwhelm the poor Fernando with despair, she must take her turn at my seraglio d'Alcala: she will come, and then she must be mine. For these few days past I have affected to neglect her. Nothing could be better contrived. They run after me, they ask for an explanation, and can no longer suffer this suspense. I believe it, and it was my design by keeping them in suspense to extinguish the flame that I have lighted

lighted. They have at length received a letter from the Signora Massarena, in which the chaste fair one is forbidden by her vaporous ladyship to marry me. Well! what then? They must perforce shut the door against me, and think on me no more? Not at all: they write to me, and ask, what I think after such a prohibition? I think that to a girl of Isabella's temper, a forbidden thing has an irresistible attraction; I think that she will taste of the forbidden fruit, but that forbidden fruit shall not be *seasoned* as she expects.

Isabella does not displease me; but I have seen her little sister; I have contemplated her well: ah! my dear Astucia, she is Flora in a fine spring day, smiling

on the inhabitants of the country. What freshness! what delicacy! what a colour! what carnation! what a charm is spread o'er all her person, in all her actions, in every tone of her angelic voice! Josephine is handsomer by far, no doubt, but Rosolia has something still more attractive and seducing.

What would you say Astucia, should you see the two sisters in my litttle garden; should you see it graced once with the presence of Rosolia and Isabella? To what would you compare the picture of Wanderghen between these sister nymphs? To Jupiter between Venus and Juno? Well! I will be that Jupiter armed with the thunder, that shall strike the insolent Fernando to the dust. Confess Astucia, that

that this union of the two sisters—that this obstacle of bars overcome; confess, I say, that all those would form an adventure which would do me infinite honour, and render me dear and formidable to all the beauties of Spain. The ardent, the happy Wanderghen would be the only theme of discourse from one hemisphere to the other. I will try the glorious atchievement 'ere long, and will give you an account of my success.

In examining of the account then betwixt me and destiny, I find that this wound which renders the exercise of my arm painful, and prevents me from entering the service is all I have to complain of. But this accident is in itself a blessing; had I taken arms, a cannon ball, as

my father says, might have deprived me of my head; and the good genius who watches over my happines, is willing to crown me with laurels without endangering my precious days.

Adieu, Astucia; may your success be equal to mine.

LETTER X.

The same to Isabella Texada.

10 *Oct.* 17—.

YOUR reproaches have overwhelmed me with shame and sorrow. But I do not deserve them adorable Isabella; no, I do not neglect you. I neglect you! I, who would be for ever at your feet! I, who would every moment renew those

vows of constancy which I have so often repeated; and which, when last we met, you deigned to recompense by suffering me to seal them on your heavenly lips!... O what a moment! what a fire did that single kiss light up in my veins! And can you really think it is extinguished? ah! amiable Isabella, do yourself more justice! Consult your glass, and ask it if it is possible for the man whom you honour with your favour to neglect you!

Appearances may be against me; but they are deceitful. The purchase of the marquisate of Rio Bello has engrossed every minute of my time. The affair at length is happily concluded; and I can now bestow on her who will share my fate, the honourrable title of marchioness.

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Did you thing of that Isabella when you suffered yourself to regret the sacrifice you have been pleased to make of the insolent Don Carlos? What! can you believe that people so lost in vanity would have consented to ally their blood to a Texada? Banish such a chimera from your thoughts; it is a libel on your judgment, and I am sure you never entertained it. You wished to make me jealous, and therefore mentioned it. In consideration of the terms we are upon, I forgive this little trick; but no more of such nonsense or you will make me angry. Don Carlos wanted to amuse himself with you as he did with Rosolia, no more depend on it. Be upon your guard then, and remember always that such

such people seek no wives, but mistresses, in the class in which you are born.

Moreover, Isabella, enquire and consult; every one will tell you that this noble cavalier whom you so much regret to lose, is confined ill to his bed, is in a dying state, and actually given over by the faculty. Regulate your conduct according to this fact, and talk no more of a man, whom death will shortly force you to forget for ever.

And what is this letter then from the Signora Massarena? Has Signora Massarena any right, any authority over you? That your mother should feel alarmed at it, I am not surprised; she is afraid of her own shadow, and is simple enough to think that

that the Massarenas will enrich her with the mines of Potosi. But if your mother is so foolish, you, Isabella, you ought to preserve your reason, and be convinced, that there exists but one way to relieve your mother from her fright, and furnish an excellent excuse to the Massarena faction.

I will explain myself in two words, for I do not like these never ending differences and delays; I will explain, I say, in two words, our respective situations. Will you Isabella, or will you not be Marchioness of Rio Bello? Say yes, or no, and say directly. If you say yes, be in waiting to-morrow after your first Ave Maria, at the corner of your street by the church of St. Jaques. I will be there too, provided

provided with a carriage, and a reverend dominican father. We will then repair to a little house of mine, at the Alcala. It is a very decent house, a refuge I have prepared against noise and importunity. I never receive any body there; books and various instruments of science, form all my society. And as, in spite of the bad character Don Carlos may perhaps have given you of me, the christian duties do not rank last in the list of my occupations, I have had a small chapel built in this house, where I can pray more fervently, and where the holy father shall marry us in the presence of two witnesses, who shall be there on purpose. The ceremony concluded, I will conduct you to the place from whence I took you, and all

all this shall be done with such dispatch, that your mother shall not have time to notice your absence.

Now what will follow? It will follow that you will be married, and well married. It will follow thatneither your mother nor the Signora Massarena can undo what is done. It will follow that you and I shall easily persuade your mother that she will stand excused with the Signora Massarena, by saying, that she could not prevent what she did not know; and that a proof of the respect she paid to her injunction, is that we were obliged to consummate this marriage without her knowledge.

To this proposal, my dear Isabella, I ask a speedy, and decisive answer. Give it to the bearer of the present, who, in conformity

conformity with our arrangement, will give you this, unknown to your mother.

Adieu, amiable Isabella; trust implicitly to me; you know that I am a man of honor, and abound in affection for you. Be assured that the method I have proposed, is the only one that can succeed, because it is the only one adapted to the situation in which we both stand. Our union is one of those transactions, where dispatch is essential to success. Observe too, that those marriages which are months and years in agitation, have always an unhappy issue.

Upon reflection, however, and to prove to you that I have no design of taking you by surprise, and can place some bounds to the

the ardour which prompts me to this eternal union with you; I will allow you four-and-twenty hours for reflection; I postpone till the morning after to-morrow, our meeting at the church, and I will not send for your answer till your own hour to-morrow. Say, can there be a lover more complaisant than me? Is there another in the world who would consent to defer such happiness for twenty-four long tedious hours?

LETTER

LETTER XI.

Don Pedro de Massarena to Spinoletta de Massarena.

Naples, 12 *Oct.* 17—.

YOUR courier has made reasonable haste. I would fain have been myself the bearer of my answer to your afflicting letter, but it cannot be. No consideration, however powerful, shall induce me to quit my post without leave. I had no alternative then, but to write to the court, and wait for an answer. This delay would have been a cause of displeasure to you, and impatience and anxiety to me; besides which,

which, my labour might perhaps have proved vain. A few hours previous to the arrival of your courier, there came one from the Escurial, with an order for me to negociate forthwith, an affair of importance to both governments. Our own has it so much at heart, that a letter from the King accompanying the command, expressly says, that if I obtain what is desired, whatever favour I shall think fit to ask, shall be forthwith granted. You see then, that under such circumstances, although a loving father, I could not be with my son. You know that the public duties have a superior claim to our private ones. The negociation, which I cannot consider as important as the ministers, will succeed to

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the wish of our court, but that is not the question between you and myself.

Not being able to go myself, I entrust my answer to a courier who has volunteered to carry it. I entreat you to give him the best reception you are able, and I hereby require that all the people of the house will shew the same obedience, and serve him with the same zeal as they would Don Carlos, not only because he is my confidential man, but because he shares my affection with the son whom you so justly deplore. Set aside all prejudice and antipathy. The circumstance is of too serious a nature to attend to such silly considerations.

It is young Fernando then, who will deliver this letter to you. As soon as he learned

learned in what manner that abandoned wretch Wanderghen had endangered Don Carlos life, he would forthwith have set off for Madrid; but I gave him to understand without much difficulty, that it was not to run after malefactors, that he had the honor of being appointed Secretary of Legation. When he received the letter, informing him of Josephine de Suza's being taken away; he entered my study half distracted. "Signor," said he to me, "I am come to ask leave of absence."—"To go whither?"—"To Madrid."—"For what purpose?"—"To take a terrible revenge on those rascals, Astucia, and Wanderghen."—"Leave that office to the executioner." "No, no, I must not hear of that; I will go; read, read this letter;

read

read Signor the atrocities of these two ruffians." So saying, he presented me with a letter which he had just received, and which was certainly well calculated to inflame him; I read it, and returned it to him, saying: "You will not go; you will stay here; I command it."—"I will not obey your commands," he exclaimed warmly; "I will attend to no commands but those of my duty, and my duty commands me to fly and snatch Josephine from the fangs of these vultures. I am not your slave, and you cannot hinder me from going." Upon this I rang my bell, and sent for the captain of my guard, I desired him to put Fernando under arrest in the house; and I told the latter, that if he betrayed the slightest appearance of dis-

disobedience, I would procure within a quarter of an hour an order for his confinement in the castle de l'Oluf.

He remained under arrest when your courier arrived; I immediately caused Fernando to be set at liberty, and sent for him into my study. I gave him your letter without saying a word; he read it with a degree of emotion which cannot be expressed. "Oh now," exclaimed he, "neither arrests, nor prison, nor dungeon shall detain me, I will surmount all obstacles, I go, I fly to my dear friend: Yes, yes, my presence and my care will comfort him. Ah! if he would consent to live for my sake!.... Pray, Signor, give me your commands, do not detain me an instant." "Fernando,"

nando," said I to him, "you have a good, a generous heart .... but let us lose no time in words. Go, I grant you leave for two months; it will be painful to me to be deprived of you, as well on account of the difficulty of fulfilling your official duties, as of the solitude in which your departure will leave me. I shall have no longer any of my family about me; but I owe this sacrifice to Don Carlos, and I doubt not he will be grateful for it; the consolation you will afford him, will do more for him than all the virtues of medicine. If you save him a second time, I shall do no more for you than I have always intended, but my obligations towards you will be doubled. Draw on my treasurer for as much money as you

deem necessary; spare no expence that can promote expedition. In order that you may go with more comfort, and be served with greater promptness, I will give you an ostensible commission, which will qualify you as an Envoy from the Court of Naples to Madrid. Send courier after courier to me, and be assured that he who brings the news of my son's recovery, shall receive a recompense that will make him happy for the remainder of his days. But listen Fernando to the last thing that I have to say to you: I grant you this leave, I consent to your departure on one condition only, which is, that if you succeed in obtaining my son's secret, whatever this secret may be, you will impart it to me; do you promise me this?"

this?"—"Yes, Signor," he answered, "I promise upon my honour, that whatever it be, I will inform you of it."—"Very well! prepare for your departure; make all possible haste, and do not forget the agreement you have made with me; let it be deeply imprinted on your memory."

He will set off to-night, and I repeat once more that I expect him to meet with such a reception from you as I shall be content with.

I am far, very far from approving the conduct you have observed towards Astucia; you began well, but made a bad end. How could you suffer him to get a footing in the War Office? A man who is discharged by you, is unworthy of

every place. I am at a loss to conceive too, why the species of assassination premeditated by this Wanderghen against Don Carlos passed without your notice. You have a great affection for your son, but one would suspect you of having a greater for your brother. The fear of some trifling disagreement, and I know not what motives of interest, which ought never to be put in competition with honour, have induced you to deprive the former of the satisfaction which is his due, and of protection against the wretches whom your lenity must necessarily render more fierce and daring.

Since you forget your duty on this point, I shall attend to it in your stead. I will find means to make you and your

son

son feared and respected ; I have charged Fernando with instructions relative to the two men I have been speaking about. I do not ask you to take care that he acts as I have prescribed, because I know his zeal and his submission to my will ; but if you would avoid impressing me with an unfavourable opinion of you ; you will judge it expedient to support him in all his proceedings where your support may be required.

Farewell, I trust all is not lost; and that heaven will grant our prayers, and restore to us our inestimable treasure.

LETTER XII.

Isabella Texada to Solomon Wanderghen.

11 *Oct.* 17—.

I DO wrong Wanderghen; I feel that I do wrong; I reproach myself for it. I deplore my weakness, and ask pardon for it of heaven.... You have seduced me, you have conquered me.... I deliver myself up to you.... I will be at the church to-morrow morning.... If you deceive me..... But no, you will not deceive me; it is not possible that any man can have the heart to commit so base an act.

LETTER XIII.

Figuera Texada to Solomon Wanderghen.

12 *Oct.* 9 o'clock even.

MY daughter went out this morning a little before twelve o'clock and is not yet returned; I am in the most painful anxiety Is it possible that she has been to see you unknown to me? Have you seen her? Have you heard of her? If you have not seen her, oblige me by seeking her wherever you think it likely she may be. Take pity on a distressed mother, whose only hope is in your kind care and diligence.

I have already sent to you once to no purpose; you were not at home. I desire my cook not to stir from your door till you return.

LETTER XIV.

Solomon Wanderghen to Figuera Texada.

13 *Oct.* 11 o'clock morn.

IT would have been difficult for your cook to have found me at home yesterday, as I passed the day and night in the country; from whence I am this moment returned. What you tell me about your daughter afflicts me greatly on your account, but does not much surprize me. I cannot conceive how you should be at a loss to guess where she is. Isabella's head is turned with love of Don Carlos. She has been informed that he was dying, and her foolish passion, has no doubt, prevailed with her, in disregard of all modesty

modesty to go and pour forth her lamentations at the bed of her lover. She has persuaded Signora Massarena that she fled from her maternal home because you persisted in marrying her to me, notwithstanding her injunction to the contrary. The Signora Massarena has had pity on your daughter and taken her in. Those people proceed to acts of authority that are truly alarming. This is the solution of the riddle. I would particularly recommend you to conduct this affair with due caution and delicacy. You must be careful not to offend the Massarena's, although they are in the wrong. If you will trust to me, I engage to manage matters so dexterously, that in six days at most I will bring back your

daughter safe. Determine whether you will accept my services. I do not think you can do better.

LETTER XV.

Figuera Texada to Spinoletta de Massarena.

13 *Oct.* 12 o'clock.

FOUR and twenty hours are now passed since my daughter left the house, and she is not yet returned. I am informed that on account of some dissatisfaction which she feels at my behaviour, she has taken refuge in your house. If it be so, I entreat you to send her back to me immediately; assuring her that in the pleasure

pleasure her return will afford me, I shall forget the grief and vexation which I have suffered by her absence.

LETTER XVI.

Spinoletto de Massarena to Figuera Texada.

13 Oct. 1 o'clock.

YOUR letter is perfectly unintelligible to me. I do not espouse the quarrels which may arise between you and your daughter with sufficient warmth to take part with her against you. Such an office would be productive of neither pleasure nor credit to me.

I have

I have just communicated the contents of your unaccountable note to my son. He says, that he has no doubt but Wanderghen is the hero of the adventure, and that he would recommend you to act with the greatest circumspection, as the least talk about it might prove fatal to your daughter's honour.

He begs to be informed of the issue.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Sister Rosolia, Superior of the convent of Lescalasses to Solomon Wanderghen.

15 Oct. 17—.

YOU came here once to see a young person by virtue of a letter which you obtained from her mother. You came a second time, and was told by this young person that she had not, nor would ever have any thing to say to you; and after uttering some idle and ridiculous threats which I have been pleased to let pass unpunished, you went away. You have been a third time, and have not been more successful. I am informed that you

you were accompanied by people of suspicious appearance, and that their proceedings inclined to violence. To pardon an offence three times is great lenity, and you can expect no more of me. I therefore, give you notice, that I have roused the attention of the magistrates, and that if you should be found here a fourth time, you will fall into the hands of the Corregidor. The trouble I take in giving you this precaution, is an additional proof of my condescension. It will be extended no farther; and in proportion to my forbearance in withholding the chastisement you have deserved, you will find my inflexibility in pursuing it, should you again transgress.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Isabella Texada to her mother.

16 *Oct.* 17—.

I OUGHT no more call you mother, for I am unworthy to be your daughter; I dare not raise my eyes; I dare not face the light. I am hateful to myself. It is Signora Settenilla, an actress of the Prince's theatre, who will deliver this letter. I am extremely fortunate in getting her to take charge of it.

I am very blameable. Wanderghen is a thousand times more so. He is a monster not to be equalled. He has undone me. I was simple enough to believe on his

his saying so, that there was no other way to surmount the obstacles which you and the Signora Massarena placed in the way of our union, than by a secret marriage. He promised to marry me privately in a chapel, which he said adjoined his house at Alcala. A Dominican father was to perform the ceremony. He appointed me to meet him at twelve o'clock by the gate of Saint Jaques's church, where he was to be in waiting for me in a carriage accompanied by the priest, and he assured me that when the ceremony was concluded, he would bring me back to you. I was unfortunate enough to believe this wretch. I went to the church door where he was waiting for me with the Dominican father, who as I have since learned,

learned, was a soldier of Don Carlos' regiment, called Ambrose. On arriving at his house at the Alcala, where there is no more a chapel than in our own we entered a parlour. I had scarcely seated myself in the expectation that every thing was preparing for the ceremony, when a man came in, whom I knew to be Astucia, Don Carlos's tutor, and he, addressing himself to the pretended friar, said; "I have just learned, by a lucky accident, that your reverence is about to marry this lady to that gentleman."—"I cannot deny it," answered the false monk; "my profession forbids me to lie."—"Then," said Signor Astucia, "here is a formal prohibition from Signor Don Carlos, who forbids you at your peril to consummate this

this marriage. I have an officer in the anti-room who will testify what I say, if you require it." As he said this, he presented a paper to this counterfeit priest, who read it, and gave it to Wanderghen. "This," said Wanderghen, "is indeed an unfortunate circumstance; but nothing can be said to it; the prohibition is regular."—"In that case," said the Dominican, "I have no further business here, and shall therefore take my leave."—"Be it so," said Wanderghen; "but I hope I shall find you again."—"You will find me again," said the priest, "when you have done away the prohibition," and he immediately went away with Astucia, leaving me alone with Wanderghen. "And since the ceremony cannot take

place,"

place," said I, "I may go too."—"What nonsense!" he answered, "Since the work is half done, it must not be left incomplete. This is one of those things not to be taken in hand twice. The prohibition is certainly an obstacle, but it is but the obstacle of a moment; it is an objection arising merely from form, and can be done away with the same facility as it was created. Since you are here, since you have done the only deed which could operate to your prejudice, you must wait until this prohibition is got rid of, and I will set about it forthwith. It is very possible, or I may say it is very certain that we shall be married to night, for it will not take above an hour or two get over this objection. We will dine together, and

and after dinner I shall attend to it. I will call on your mother at the same time, and will give her such good reasons for your absence, that she shall not only be satisfied on that score, but shall give me her written consent to our union.

I was not satisfied with his reasoning, but finding that I was actually in his power, I thought it better to dissemble than to run the risk of irritating him. We dined with a woman of a most impudent appearance, who is the portress or rather the gaoler of this house. I saw plainly by her grimaces and bye-words, that she was exciting him to insult me, but he forbore to use the least freedom towards me. He prolonged the dinner as long as he could, and drank so much wine and spi-

rits, that I was quite frightened, lest he should be so much heated as to proceed to some act of violence towards me. Luckily the quantity he drank produced a contrary effect, and he fell asleep without stirring from his chair. I feigned to sleep too, hoping that the gaoler would then go away and leave me the means of escaping. I seated myself upon a sopha, but the wicked woman immediately placed herself by me, and watched me all the time.

In about two hours, Wanderghen awoke; and finding that I was not asleep, he said, after looking at his watch. It is time now to see about this prohibition; but I cannot promise that the marriage can take place to-night, for it is very late.

I can

I can only give you my word that every thing shall be so arranged, that we may be married at day-break to-morrow. My first step shall be to call upon your mother, and relieve her fears. I shall succeed, you may depend upon it. He then whispered something to the gaoler, and went away. "I have been telling the Signora," said he aloud, "to amuse you till my return, and to shew you my garden, with which I am sure you will be very much pleased."

I understand, that instead of calling upon you, he went to the theatre. The gaoler took me into the garden, which is very beautiful, but is filled with the most obscene statues. This woman did not leave me for a moment; she obliged me to

follow her wherever she went, even into the kitchen. When I found that it was near supper time, it came into my head to feign a violent toothach; and I counterfeited the pain so well, that the woman really thought I suffered, and asked if she could do any thing to relieve me; whereupon I begged that she would permit me to go to bed. She consented, and took me to a very good room, which I had no sooner entered, than she went out, and locked the door.

As soon as I was alone, I opened the window to see if there was any possibility of escaping by it; but I found that it was very high, and looked into a garden surrounded by high walls, in which there were two dogs let loose. I then went to

bed, crying out from time to time, to make it appear that I continued very bad.

When Wanderghen returned, he came into my room, and I affected more than ever to be in extreme pain. He believed it, and asked if I would not take something. I answered that I would take a little soup, which was immediately brought to me; but on putting my lips to it, I found it had such an uncommon flavour, that I pretended I could not drink it.

Wanderghen then made up a story as to what he had done relative to our marriage. He told me, amongst other things, that you were so thoroughly satisfied with his arguments, that the priest was to call on you the next day for your consent. I appeared to believe what he said, and to

be

be still cruelly tormented with the tooth-ach. He retired, and locked the door after him, as the gaoler had done.

When he was gone, I heard a woman ask him where he would pass the night? "A fine question, truly," he answered, "in my own bed to be sure. You see that we must not affront her, nor add to her pain. Besides, the adventure will not be compleat till I have both of them.

The next day, he got up very early, and went out without seeing me. When I enquired about him of the gaoler, she told me that she would not deceive me; that Wanderghen was gone for the whole day, to terminate an affair of the greatest consequence, which would surprize me exceedingly. He did not, in fact, return

on that day or the next; he did not come back till last night; and I am told that he was employed all that time in endeavouring to steal my sister Rosolia from the convent. You see what a wretch he is.

He returned then last night between nine and ten. He brought with him Signora Settenilla, who will deliver this, and another actress. Finding myself with two of my own sex, I began to take courage, and consented to sit down to table. Wanderghen was not in a good humour; he said that he had passed two unfortunate days, but that he would use such means the next day that fortune could not fail to return to him. I need not tell you that all this was then a riddle to me.

Before

Before we sat down to table, I had found an opportunity of speaking privately to Signora Settenilla; I told her who I was, and begged her to rescue me from Wanderghen. She only answered me by a nod.

After supper, Wanderghen pressed me so much to take half a glass of Madeira that I accepted it. I had scarcely drank it when I fell asleep in my chair, and did not awake till two o'clock in the morning, when I found myself in bed, and the two actresses in my room. As soon as they heard that I was awake, they came to me. The Signora Settenilla told me that when she saw me fall asleep so suddenly, she called Wanderghen a villain, told him that my sleep was not natural, that she and

her companion insisted on putting me to bed, that they would sit up with me all night, and would murder him if he offered to approach. Wanderghen made no reply; he let the actresses do as they pleased, and even desired his gaoler to assist them.

"Now that you are better," continued Signora Settenilla, "write to your mother an ingenuous account of all that has passed. I will carry the letter to her myself. Wanderghen will not be here to-morrow. My companion and I will go out with him. I will find means to leave him, and will go by myself to your mother, and as soon as I have given her the letter, I will come back here. Your mother shall give three loud knocks, that we may know it

is her. You and I will be upon the watch. The portress cannot refuse to open the gate, not knowing who it is. As soon as your mother shall have entered and claimed you as her daughter, do not imagine there will be any opposition made to your going away. We will threaten the portress with the Corregidor, and that will prevent her from being troublesome; but you must mind that you do not put such a threat in execution, for your honour is lost for ever if it should be known that you have slept in this house."

Wanderghen indeed went out this morning very early, with the two players, who told him that they were expected at the theatre to rehearse. He has made

them promise to dine with him to-day, at this place. I tell you all this that you may know better how to act, and may be here before this wicked man returns.

I am sincerely repentant, and inexpressibly grieved at my guilty conduct, which is indeed too flagrant to be pardoned. Conceal, I entreat you, my shame from Don Carlos. Let not him nor my brother know any thing of the matter. I will shut myself up from every body's sight till I can be admitted to a convent for the rest of my life; for who will take notice of me after what has happened?

LETTER XIX.

Figuera Texada to Isabella Texada.

16 *Oct.* 17—.

WHAT have you done unfortunate, wretched child? Are these the fruits of the education given you by your father and myself? Is it thus you repay me for preferring you to your sister, and your brother? Could I have ever expected that you would be the cause of so much sorrow to me? I shall be at Alcala a quarter of an hour after the Signora Settenilla. You are under great obligations to her; but though, she by her kindness may deliver you from the abyss into which you have voluntary cast yourself, she cannot restore to you what you

have lost. Your crime is of such a nature as will deprive you for ever of the good opinion of the world, and make you contemptible in your own sight; neither time nor repentance can redeem the peace and reputation you have lost; innocence is a delicate and tender flower, which the slightest blight withers for ever.

You used incessantly to preach morality to your sister; it is now her turn to lecture you. But I fear that she will be no less an object of affliction to me, for I do not find that she takes any measures to enter upon her novitiate. There never was a mother who received so little comfort from her children, as I do from mine. And you, Isabella, you who were dearest

to

to me, you have been the first to grieve your mothers's heart.

How can you expect that I should conceal your shame from Don Carlos? Your expedition is known at the Massarena house; they are informed that you have left your home; and the Signora Massarena desired me to acquaint her what I should learn of you, so that I cannot avoid apprizing them of your return. I have determined, therefore, to send her your letter, that she may know that you have not fallen into the worst of crimes, as also that she may see what need I stand in if her protection from the outrages which may still be committed against me by this execrable Wanderghen, whom you ought never to have listened to. It is but just

that you should suffer shame; you deserve to undergo every humiliation.

Be ready to attend me when I come for you.

LETTER XX.

Solomon Wanderghen to Inigo Astucia.

18 *Oct.* 17—.

MY stars grow dim; my stupid portress has opened the cage, and suffered the bird to fly. That is to say that Isabella is no longer in my little house; and what is truly disgraceful on my part, that she went out of it a virgin. I suspect little Settenilla of being at the head of this affair. The mother went to my house yesterday, at half past eleven o'clock, where

where Settenilla went before her. As soon as she and Isabella heard a knock, they ran to the door, and as the heedless portress opened it, they seized her by the arm, and hindered her from shutting it again. The mother had no sooner entered than she bestowed a most vigorous box of the ear on the portress, for the opposition she had manifested to her admission; and the old fool being stunned and amazed by the energetic arguments of the Texada woman, did nothing but proclaim her griefs by the most lamentable howling.

That drunkard Balbuena, hot from the ale-house, happened at that moment to pass by the door which was but half closed, and hearing a noise in the yard, went in; "Is it possible!" he exclaimed

on

on seeing Isabella and her mother, "the mother and sister of my friend Texado in such a place as this! Get away, get away quickly, before a crowd collects; if you were to be seen here, you would be undone. Leave the chastisement of this hideous harpy to me; I will perform it better than you can." The two Texadas and Settenilla immediately set off in a coach which they had in waiting. Balbuena was as good as his word; he began by boxing the poor old portress with his fist with such might and zeal, that all the visible parts of her carcase are as variegated as the rainbow. He did not stop there, but seized her by the hair, threw her against the stones, and dragged her through the kennel. "What!" said the unhappy

unhappy wretch, "do you treat me so; you who are a friend of Signor Wanderghen's?" "Well," answered he, giggling, "and I am your friend likewise, and I love you so much that I wish you to bear the tender marks of my friendship for the remainder of your holy life. *Qui bene amat bene castigat.* Ask Wanderghen, who writes books, to explain to you what that means.

While this was passing, the women of the neighbourhood assembled together; they knew my portress; reproached her with her services to me, and disregarding the tender marks of Balbuena's friendship, they flogged her unmercifully, and laid her in the lodge almost dead. These women did not content themselves with this

this diversion, but went all over my house and garden, and have destroyed and knocked to pieces every thing emblematical of my taste for the softer pleasures. The damage they have done will cost my father some thousands of piasters. There is no great harm in this disorderly proceeding, as it will afford me an opportunity to make alterations in this asylum of love, which will render the scene more voluptuous.

Not being disposed to be at any expence for a servant so ill acquainted with her duty, I have this morning dispatched my portress to the hospital; where she had no sooner arrived, than there came an order from the corregidor, to send her as soon as she was cured, to the house of correction.

correction. The corregidor is in the right; it is but just to punish creatures of this description, who are so dull at their trade. Finally, my dear Astucia, this, like all my other adventures, has made a noise in the world which adds to my glory, and establishes my reputation with the sex, who are ever fond of bold and enterprising men. It is with me as it was with Alcibiades, who cut off his dog's tail, that he might attract the public notice. No name is mentioned in company but mine; and whenever I walk on the prado, a crowd collects together, and, pointing at me, they say: *There he is*; there he is. Can you conceive any thing more flattering than to be thus the object of public curiosity?

To-morrow

To-morrow I make a grand last effort to compensate myself with the younger sister, for the ill success of my enterprise with the elder. I will not rest till these Texados and Massarenas are reduced to the last despair. Follow my steps, my dear Astucia; for if you do not exterminate them, they will exterminate you. There is not in your geometry a truth more evident than this.

LETTER XXI.

The same to Figuera Texada.

10 *Oct.* 9 o'clock morning.

AFTER the shameful scene to which you were a party in my house at Alcala, and which was succeeded by a desolation

desolation and havock, which I might in justice require you to make good; there ought no longer to exist any connection between you and me, or between your daughter and me. I cannot but express my surprise and displeasure, that you should have proceeded to ill-treat my servant; was it her fault or mine? if your daughter thought proper to go to my house, did not she go there voluntarily? Did I come to fetch her? Did I take her there by force? In a word, was it me who ran after her? Did not you see her go out by herself? Must not she have told you where she was going? Who will believe that a daughter can leave the house without her mother being acquainted with it? without having obtained her consent?

that

It is clear that if this affair were to come to a hearing in a court of justice, it could be incontestibly proved, that you wished, and consented to your daughter's passing a few days with me; Why all this noise then? Why this scandal, and this havock? Why punish myself and servants for what you only are punishable?

But I will drop the subject; I do not like to say harsh things. It is not in my temper to say or do them; and it is my delight to shew favour and kindness even to such as shew none to me. I here release your daughter from all promises and engagements; let her return what she has received from me, and my displeasure shall go no further. In requiring your daughter to restore what she has

received

received from me, I mean every thing without exception, and you will not of course think of retaining the ear-rings, being well aware that they were given in contemplation of a union, which cannot now take place.

If, however, your younger daughter should prove averse to becoming a nun, and if you will summon her to your house to hear the proposals I have to make in her favour, I will renew my friendship with you, and will transfer to the younger, those pure and kind intentions, which I once held towards the elder.

You must be convinced, that after the manner in which you have acted with me, this conduct is noble and generous.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

Figuera Texada to Solomon Wanderghen.

18 *Oct.* 10 o'clock morning.

YOU receive herewith your letters and your ear-rings. It is Isabella's misfortune that she ever thought of you: Rosolia never shall. Isabella thought you honest and faithful: it shall be my care that Rosolia shall hold you in the horror and detestation you deserve. You are a monster, and as hateful in my eyes as the assassin who should murder one of my children.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

Emilia Settenilla to Solomon Wanderghen.

19 *Oct.* 17—.

I TOLD you to your face, and I here tell you again, that you are a villain whose only delight is in atrocities. I will have no more to do with such an abandoned wretch. I have conceived such an aversion for you and your hypocrite Astucia, that if I were to meet you I should scratch both your faces. I am sorry to leave Madrid. If I were not going, I would pursue you and your Astucia like an evil genius. I have painted you both in

in glowing colours to Don Juan; be assured that he knows you thoroughly, and will be your dupe no more. Let all who would know the characters of you both, direct their enquires to me. I will give faithful ones to all whom I know to be frequented by you. We set off to morrow, to play at Valadolid; and thus I take my leave.

LETTER XXIV.

Solomon Wanderghen to Moses Wanderghen.

20 Oct. 17—

BY heavens! my dear father, I am caught! I am in the mouse-trap! I am in prison!

prison. You must get me out, and that quickly, or I shall commit some rash act, which will embitter all your future days. The affair which has brought me to this vile lodging, is nothing at all, a mere trifle, which cannot do me the least harm in the world. In a word, I had a mind to steal a little girl who pleased me mightily, from the convent of Lescalasses. I was seized in climbing the garden-wall, and the friends I had taken with me to assist my enterprize and protect me from the Alguesils, left me like cowards to their power. You see it is nothing but a joke that will serve us to laugh at; but the Corregidor does not laugh at it. He is a stiff old pedant who knows nothing of the world. He looks upon it in so serious

a light, that he pretends it will end in nothing less than my being condemned to the *Presides*; and I need not tell you what a silly figure a marquis would exhibit mowing in the fields. We must stop the affair in its first stage and prevent further proceedings, which might be troublesome to us both. I am confined at the desire of the sister Rosolia, Superior of the convent of Lescalasses; it is her you must apply to for my liberty. Write to her immediately, and promise her whatever she may think fit to demand. When I am free, we will find means to be revenged for this insolence.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

The same to Inigo Astucia.

20 *Oct.* 17.—.

YOU have no doubt heard, my dear Astucia, of my being cruelly imprisoned for the little frolic I attempted with Texado's youngest sister. Go immediately to Don Juan, and make him put an end to this scandalous detention. It is the act of the Superior of the convent of Lescalasses; and it is with her that Don Juan must compromise for my enlargement. But with or without her, I beg you will see that Don Juan exerts all his influence to get me out, without waiting the forms of law. It might be dangerous to neglect

this business, o rto suffer the least delay in it, for the corregidor is a very brute and is not to be dealt with; he knows nothing beyond his laws, and nothing but absolute authority can bring him to reason. I rely on your zeal, and the interest which Don Juan must take in my situation. We must think no more of this little Settenilla. She is a mad ungrateful Jezabel, and has written me a letter, which for impudence and folly, cannot be equalled. Let me get out of this cavern, and you shall see how I will work these Texados. It is a family engendered by nature on purpose to torment and injure me.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

Inigo Astucia to Solomon Wanderghen.

21st *Oct.* 17—.

I SINCERELY compassionate your condition, Signor Wanderghen; which is all that I can do. Do not ask more of me. If your cause is good, do not fear to discuss it in the face of justice. Your judges will take pleasure in finding you innocent; you must be aware that the duties imposed upon me by my place, will not admit of my running after Don Juan. I have all my life been averse to judicial proceedings; and I do not think the office of solicitor at all suited to me. Adieu,

Wanderghen, be patient, and if you have nothing to reproach yourself with, be not afraid.

LETTER XXVII.

Moses Wanderghen to the Sister Rosolia, Superior of the Convent of Lescalasses.

22 *Oct.* 17—.

A FATHER of a family, overcome with age and sorrows, prostrates himself at your feet, most reverend sister, and implores your mercy. He is come to Madrid for this very purpose. He has one only child, whose good understanding and wonderful knowledge, are the boast of

of all who know him. This poor child, by the order of your reverence, is now in a dark prison. If he remains there any longer, I shall surely die with grief. He has been guilty of a foolish act, it is true; but he is sorry for it, and most humbly asks pardon for it of your most gracious reverence. He supplicates you not to suffer any suit to be commenced against him, and to restore him to his loving father. If, most reverend sister, you deign to grant this favour, I will not be ungrateful for it. I will present your holy vestry with a pair of cups and a plate, both of pure and solid silver. I wait the honor of your answer, with the most anxious impatience.

LETTER XXVIII.

Sister Rosolia, Superior of the Convent of Lescalasses to Moses Wanderghen.

I LOSE no time in giving you my answer, Signor Moses Wanderghen. God forbid that I should wish for the death of the sinner; I will prevent all proceedings, and restore your son to you, on condition that you pay, amongst the different ministers of Madrid, the sum of 15,000 piasters, to be divided amongst the poor. As soon as you bring me their receipts, I will give the necessary orders for your son's relief, and will acquit you of the silver cups.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

Solomon Wanderghen to Ignigo Astucia.

22 *Oct.* 17—.

AH! ah! Signor Inigo, so you too with your gentle manner, you set up for a great man. You have very soon forgotten yourself; you have very soon assumed the air and manners of the country you inhabit. You are afraid then of committing yourself with Don Juan, by asking his intercession in my behalf. Oh! Signor Inigo, you are out of your reckoning; I am not at the *Presides* yet. Were

it only to find you again, I will get free from this place, do not doubt it; and if, when I have found you, you get off with being obliged to return to the plough, which you ought never have left, you may esteem yourself very lucky. I knew you better than you think for. I suspected you of this base refusal, and even before writing to you, I had dispatched an application to Don Juan, who is fortunately detained at Madrid by his nephew's illness. I expect his answer every minute. It will be favourable, Signor Inigo. I shall be indebted to him for my liberty, and you will in no way have contributed to this good action. So much the better, so much the better; for to be under an obligation to such a man as you, would be

to

to suffer the most extreme disgrace and mortification.

LETTER XXX.

Don Juan de Spinoletto to Solomon Wanderghen.

23 *Oct.* 17—.

YOUR impudence must be equal to your villany, or you would not have dared to write to me. I desire you will never presume to address me, or speak of me any more. I know your baseness, and that of your worthy comrade, Astucia. Every thing has been told and explained to me. I know how you both

conducted yourselves in St. Jerome's field; I know the share that you both had in stealing away Josephine de Suza; I know the part which you played at your theatre d' Alcala; and what you have lately been doing at the convent, where a person whom I honor with my favor and esteem is Superior. I withdraw my patronage from you and Astucia; and I think I shew you great lenity in not causing both of you to be hanged on the same gibbet. Justice may do with you as she pleases. I have had you erased with every mark of disgrace from the books of the *Societad de los, Amicos del Pays*, and I have caused the licence for the purchase of Rio Bello, to be cancelled. I have purchased this marquisate, which is contiguous to one of my

my estates, for myself; therefore desire your father to take back his ill gotten pelf; and, if you are wise, let me hear no more of you, nor of Astucia.

LETTER XXXI.

Don Carlos de Massarena to Diego Menezes.

24 Oct. 17—.

Although very sick and weak, my dear captain, I have strength enough to forbid and punish disguises in our regiment. One Ambrose, a man in your company, exhibited himself the other day with a most mischievous intent, in the habit of a dominican friar. Let him be placed

placed upon the wooden horse, in this same habit for three hours, and condemn him to bread and water for eight days.

Farewell, brave captain, I hope that the regiment will do itself honor at the review. I have the fullest confidence on that head, in the zeal of the major. To say the truth, I have no idea of being present at it. I have no hope of being cured..... Once more farewell; my strength is exhausted with having written these few words.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

Moses Wanderghen to Solomon Wanderghen.

25 *Oct.* 17—.

AH! Solomon, I am ruined, undone, murdered! This nun asks a cart-load, a mountain of money, as the price of your liberty. Guess how much? Fifteen thousand piasters! by Abraham, by Isaac, by Jacob, they might as well blow my brains out! I Moses Wanderghen, give fifteen thousand piasters? Have I then worked all my days like a slave, to sell tooth picks in my old age, like my father? But why, my

son,

son, why would you be meddling with the church? It is a struggle like the earthen pot against the iron one. Tell me then what I must do, for I am half distracted; and if I were not afraid that the thieves would come in my absence, and take the little I have left, I would willingly go and drown myself. What a wretched old man I am! I have but one child, and he is at the mercy of bars and bolts! Ah, Solomon, you have cost your poor father a deal of money, and a deal of sorrow.... Farewell the marquisate, I have just had notice of the license being cancelled. How happens it, that with so much art and knowledge, you only make enemies, instead of getting friends? Ah! I see how it is; they are jealous of your merit, my dear

dear Solomon. Do not cry, my dear child; do not give way to grief; do not fall sick. I will do all I can to set you free, but I will not give fifteen thousand piasters; it would break my heart.

LETTER XXXIII.

Fernando Texado to Maria Figuera Texada, his mother.

25 Oct. 17—.

I AM this moment arrived, my dear mother. I could not stop at your house; my abode will be henceforward at the Massarena's. Don Pedro will have it so.

I cannot

I cannot go to see you, because Don Carlos' fate is yet uncertain, and I cannot leave the house till it is known. I have not seen him yet, his weak condition requires that great caution should be used in the first interview.

Come to see me, my dearest mother, and bring Isabella with you. The Signora Massarena has told me all; I sympathise sincerely in her grief. Let her not fear to meet the embraces of her brother, and pour forth her sorrows in the bosom of her best friend. I love her more than ever. We are neither of us infallible. I am impatient to embrace her, and give her all the comfort I am able. Let us pray to heaven for Don Carlos' recovery; that, once granted, all will be well.

I ought

I ought to tell you, that in coming here to see me, you and my sister will meet with as good a welcome, and as much respect, as if the house was my own ; and that my commands are obeyed as scrupulously as those who are the masters of it.

If you love me, my dearest mother, bring Rosolia with you also; after so long an absence, it is but just that I should embrace her.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

Figuera Texada to Fernando Texado, her son.

25 Oct. 17—.

I NEVER saw a more respectable person than the man who brought me your letter. He was so richly dressed, and so genteel, that Isabella and I took him for a gentleman; and were quite astonished when he said he was in your service. This voyage to Naples, you see, has been profitable; and I did right in advising it. I see that you are now in a condition to be useful to your family. I sincerely rejoice at it; and find with plea-

sure

sure that the education which your father and I have bestowed upon you, has not proved useless.

As long as you behave in this manner, my dearest son, you may depend upon my affection, and that I shall refuse you nothing. I will bring Rosolia, and for that purpose, I defer my visit till to-morrow. Say nothing to dissuade her from her vocation.

You think very right with respect to Isabella, and have convinced me of your generous spirit. She is truly repentant for what she has done; but she wishes to bury herself in a convent, and I cannot suffer that, for I should then be left alone in my old age. You will settle that for the best.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

Isabella Texada to Fernando Texado.

25 Oct. 17—.

MUST I then appear before you, my dear brother? I must, my mother commands me. Ah! do not use me kindly, but rather shame me, for I am unworthy your regard. Beseech my mother to consent to my design. I am happy that the world affords an asylum, where I can gain admittance.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

Fernando Texada to Rosolia Texada.

25 *Oct.* 17—.

I AM just arrived at Massarena House, my dear unfortunate Rosolia, and I will not stir from it, till heaven has made known its will towards my friend. I have begged my mother to procure me the pleasure of embracing you .... Ah! Rosolia, Rosolia, why did you not sooner examine the state of your heart. What miseries the future offers to your view. But the fault is mine! I might have foreseen what has happened. Poor sister! ... I love you a thousand

thousand times more than ever. If, by the sacrifice of my life, I could contribute to this union .... But Rosolia, I am myself offending against sense and reason. What did I say? this passion is a crime, and must be rooted from your heart. Ought you to wish for that which can never be obtained?

Ah! Rosolia! what a sad journey is this, which I have had. A friend dying! An elder sister in tears of affliction, and my dearest Rosolia unhappy, very unhappy! And the beautiful Josephine too, who might claim the respect of angels, as well as men, still uncertain of her father's fate; still forced to blush at the very name she bears; such is the state of things on my arrival; could I return to Madrid, my

family

family and friends under more dreadful auspices?

Give the enclosed to Madam Charlotte.

LETTER XXXVII.

Fernando Texado to Charlotte de Suza.

25 *Oct.* 17—.

YOU will have learned by my preceding letters that your brother was detained in the castle de l'Œluf. I can neither foresee the term of his detention, nor what are Don Pedro's intentions towards him, and can therefore say nothing satisfactory on this head. But Don Pedro being thoroughly convinced of his inno-

cence, you have no cause of alarm as to your dear brother's ultimate fate. A dark veil conceals the real guilty one, which is a circumstance greatly to be deplored.

It is astonishing that an order should have been granted to deprive you and your niece of your liberty. This act of violence will now be put an end to, and you shall be restored to freedom in the course of the day. You will please to acquaint me immediately this order is executed, as I shall dispatch a courier to Naples to-morrow, and it is proper that he should take the news of your liberty to your brother, and inform Don Pedro in what manner his intentions have been fulfilled.

You and your niece, then, are now at your

your own disposal, and free to join Cæsar when you think proper. I doubt not, however, but you will deem it expedient to postpone this journey till all uncertainty ceases as to the situation of Don Carlos. You and I, madam, are deeply indebted to Don Pedro. His son is at this moment threatened with the stroke of death. Can we, in thinking on his situation, bestow a thought on our own, must we not even forget that we have a family, and let all our affection center there?

As long as this dear head is encompassed by such a mournful veil, it is no time for me to urge my passion for your niece; but I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of declaring, that the knowledge I possess of your real name has not taken

from the ardour of it. It has your brother's approbation; if it has your's, and the adorable Josephine's, I shall indeed be happy. The persecutions to which she has been personally subjected, add, if possible, to the earnest desire I feel to know that she accepts the offer I presume to make of my hand. If she consented, and Don Carlos were in health, I would lead her to the altar to-morrow; so sincere is the declaration I have made, and so far am I from joining in the prejudice against a name which will ever have my esteem and respect. In expressing thus freely the sentiments with which your adorable niece has inspired me, I anticipate the consent of my mother, and Don Pedro, which I trust would not be wanting.

ing. I am charged by your brother, to give you, on his account, what money you have occasion for.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Solomon Wanderghen to Moses Wanderghen.

26 *Oct.* 17—.

CAN you then hesitate, dear father? Your delay will be the cause of my death. Do you want to see me at the *Presides?* I tell you that the matter is of a serious, very serious nature. Make the best bargain you are able, but if they persist on having the full sum, give it. You will still have enough to live upon, and you are not yet old enough to retire from business. What follows then? Why, it

follows, that instead of lending at twenty or thirty per cent. you must lend at forty, fifty, one hundred per cent. A dreadful extremity truly. You must be revenged on somebody for the crimes of the infernal race, that has brought me here. Look to it, my dear father, I tell you openly and honestly, that if you let me remain here but three days longer, if you suffer my fair reputation to be blasted by any proceedings, you are undone for ever; for I will proclaim some anecdotes on usury, which you would fain have kept in darkness. I threaten, you will say. So I do: but put yourself in my place, one must save himself as well as one can, my dear father. If, on the other hand, you submit to the sacrifice, which the circumstance

demands

demands of you, I will so love and cherish you, that you may challenge all the fathers in the world to be as happy as you will be. Come, my dear father, be prevailed upon. What matters it whether you have fifteen thousand piasters more or less? Gold was made to be used; if you use it not, you might as well have stones in your chests. Can you purchase too dearly the pleasure of seeing and embracing your dear Solomon once more? Estimate this pleasure as you ought, and hesitate no longer.

LETTER XXXIX.

Sister Rosolia, Superior of the convent of Lescalasses to Fernando Texado.

26 *Oct.* 17—.

I HAVE great pleasure, Signor, in hearing of your arrival in the city.

You have doubtless been already informed of the imprisonment of one Solomon Wanderghen; and you may have heard too that his fate is in my hands. I am strongly solicited for and against him. At the head of those who solicit me against him is the Signor Sancha, bookseller, who is not unknown to you. He urges me to shew no mercy, and says that you and

Don

Don Pedro would be pleased by my delivering him to the hands of justice.

I imagined that as Solomon was the son of a man who had gained a considerable fortune by usury, it would not be amiss to profit by this opportunity to enrich the poor with a part of the wealth which his dishonest avarice has wrung from their necessities: and had therefore fixed the ransom at fifteen thousand piasters. Being informed of your arrival, and the various outrages he has committed against your family, I have altered my plan. I rejoice, Signor, in this occasion of giving you a proof of my respect for a gentleman, of whom every body speaks well, and who has the particular love and esteem of the Massarena's, my friends. To this

end I abandon Solomon to your will and discretion! nothing shall be done till your pleasure is known.

I do not object to Rosolia's going to see you, but her absence from the convent must not exceed half an hour. When your presence shall cease to be necessary to Don Carlos, I shall not oppose your visiting her now and then.

LETTER XL.

Charlotte de Suza to Fernando Texado.

26 *Oct.* 17—.

THE order for our confinement was repealed at twelve o'clock last night, and signified to us with a degree of respect and attention altogether new to us, for which

which we beg to offer our best acknowledgments. Who can forbear to love and admire you? You have ever appeared before us as one of those guardian angels deputed to guard the happiness of mankind. But take heed how you encourage the thoughts of an union which must never take place. It is not enough that we are not unworthy in your sight, you must not be rendered so in the sight of others. Be content to enjoy the pleasing triumph you have gained over us. It cannot be more compleat. You have filled us with gratitude, esteem, and friendship. My niece, my charming niece, is no doubt deserving of every blessing, and no one is more sensible of it than myself, no one would do more to promote her happiness.

She indeed deserves that you should be her husband; but prejudice forbids that she should receive the reward due to her virtues. If you are regardless of this prejudice, it becomes us to respect it for you.

No, we shall not think of our journey to Naples till we have your permission to undertake it. We certainly do violence to our love in not going instantly to share my dear brother's captivity, but our first wish is to pay obedience to your orders.

Be pleased to permit that the first use of the freedom you have restored to us, be dedicated to the pleasing task of paying our personal respects to you, and renewing

ing our assurances of regard and gratitude.

The money which you offer is not my brother's; it is either your own or Don Pedro's. No matter, it comes through your hands, that is enough for us. Do you ask a proof of the high esteem in which we hold you, and the powerful influence your merit has over us? Well, Signor Fernando, from your hands we will accept all.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

Fernando Texado to Sister Rosolia, Superior of the convent of Lescalasses.

26 Oct. 17—.

I AM much flattered by the regard you manifest towards me, in condescending to consult me as to the fate of Wanderghen. You will be pleased to act as you think proper. I beg to decline the transfer you so kindly offer of your right over this prisoner. The affair which has put him in your power, is of a personal nature to me, and that consideration is in itself a sufficient reason why I should forbear to pass sentence. I must not be both

both prosecutor and judge. I have already instructions how to act towards him, and another person no less conspicuous for his evil doings; and I shall do neither more nor less than they require of me.

LETTER XLII.

Fernando Texado to Don Pedro de Massarena.

Madrid, 26 *Oct.* 17—.

IN the communications which I now have, or may hereafter have to make, ever-honoured Signor, I shall scrupulously observe that candour and openness to which my duty and promise exact of me. I shall relate every circumstance, however

however trivial, which concerns Don Carlos, as well as such as concern me personally. You will see by the letters enclosed in this packet, with what insulting baseness this Wanderghen has behaved towards my elder sister; as also his wicked intentions towards my younger.

I arrived at Madrid yesterday, and reached your house at four o'clock in the afternoon. My first care was to apprize the ministers of my arrival, and to send to the secretary of the foreign department the packet you had given me in charge for him. Due respect has been paid to your requisition relative to the two prisoners. The order for their confinement was repealed at midnight in a manner highly satisfactory to them both.

The

The affair with the ministers dispatched, I desired to be announced to the Signora Massarena. I found her reclining on a sopha, she looked pale and exhausted, and kept her eyes shut. She was attended by two of her maids, and Doctor San Domingo, who was reading. Nobody moved or spoke on my first entering the room. The Signora Massarena looked at me with an eye of indifference, but did not say a word. I went near to her, and presented your letter. She sat up to read it, and when she had finished it, she raised her eyes towards heaven, and said, "He will have it so; let his will be done!" Immediately she arose from the sopha, made a low courtesy, and ordered me a chair, which she drew near the sopha.

—"Signor

—" Signor Texado," said she to me, " have you had a good journey?"—" Madam," answered I, " allow me before I satisfy any of your questions, to put one by far more interesting than all others. How is Don Carlos?"—" Judge of his state by mine. There does not exist a wife or mother more wretched than you see me at this moment. He is ill, Signor Fernando, very ill. My son will die, because I could not prevail on him to disclose the cause of the fatal melancholy which hurries him to the grave in the prime of his youth. Still his father and I have done nothing to forfeit his confidence. One would suppose that his illness is the effect of enchantment. There never

never was a son so cherished by his parents, who pays them so little deference."

When the Signora had done speaking, I asked permission to see him. "Doctor," said the Signora, "see if he is awake. He was dozing when I left him," continued she, addressing herself to me.—"He has no set time for sleeping, and what a sleep is his! It is the forerunner of death."—"Ah! Madam!" exclaimed I, "do not oppress your mind with such dreadful thoughts. There is yet some hope."—"If," answered she, "you say so when you have seen him, you will stand alone in your belief."

The doctor having returned, informed us that he was yet asleep, whereupon I begged permission to write to my mother and

and sisters, informing them of my arrival. "You have paid us the first visit then," said the Signora Massarena. "I do not wonder, for in choosing between two families, which, as Don Pedro tells me, are equally your's, it was natural that you should give preference to the more afflicted. Write your letters Signor Fernando, there is my secretary; use no ceremony; I shall be as free with you as with Don Carlos."

Soon after my letters were written, Cascara informed us that his master was awake. "Then see," said I to the Doctor, "if he is in a condition to receive me, lest his surprize should be attended with some bad consequence."—"Let us go into this closet," said the Signora, giving me her hand,

hand, "we shall there hear what the poor patient says."

"You have slept a little," said the Doctor to Don Carlos, "are you refreshed by it?"—"Far from it. I have had some shocking dreams. Always this Wanderghen and Astucia, these dreadful images pursue me incessantly."—"Indeed," said the Doctor, "your pulse is agitated, I would recommend two hours rest, and that you should desist from talking."—"That is to say, that I must be left to the mercy of my own sad thoughts. I know not how you physicians reconcile it to your consciences; but you are not content to let your patients die, but you must make their death a painful one."—"Your reproach does not apply to me, for you know

know that it is my only study to make you a little merry, but therein my art fails."—"You want me to dance and to have laughing fits; you see I have not strength for that, nor do I require so much. I only beg that I may not be condemned to remain alone, with my mouth shut day and night."—"Well! shall I send any one to your relief? Would you like to see your mother?"—"Why not? If she has strength enough to come here, it will give me great pleasure."

The Doctor then entered the closet, and told us that his patient's pulse was much disturbed, and it was to be feared that my presence might agitate his nerves and bring on a convulsion. "Leave that to my management," said the Signora Massarena;

Massarena; "Wait here, Signor Texado, "I will go and prepare my son for your reception. Since it will give him pleasure to see you, let him enjoy it before it is too late. You may go and see the rest of your patients, Doctor; I shall pass all the evening with my son."—"Pray be discreet, Madam," said the Doctor, "or I must confine you to your sopha for the whole of to-morrow."

The Signora Massarena having entered the room, Don Carlos thanked her for her complaisance in keeping him company. "This San Domingo," he added, "says that my pulse is disturbed, and your presence will help to calm it. But pray tell me what is become of my uncle? I have not heard the sound of his heels. Do you know that he is a very extraordinary

dinary man? It is now eight days, if I calculate truly, since he has been at Aranjuez, and since he has touched his tambour and castanetts. He is become as sad and pensive as a misanthrope. He declared to me yesterday morning, that he would not leave Madrid as long as I was in bed. You will not leave it then, said I, till I am in my grave; upon which he took out his handkerchief, and although he turned away to the glass in which he looked, shewed me that he was crying. I never thought he loved me so much." "It is only natural that your uncle should be moved at your situation. You have not seen him all day, because he is gone to dine at the minister's, to urge his designs against Cæsar de Suza. But let us leave

leave this subject, Don Carlos, for I have something to say that will please you."—"You promise well; have you really then any good news to tell me?"—"Perhaps."—"Speak, dear mother, you have roused my curiosity, I am all attention."—"The more ungrateful you are towards me, my son, the more generous will I be towards you. Since you will not reveal your secret to me, tell me of any thing that will dissipate your sorrow and I will grant it. You speak to me incessantly of these Texados. Would you like me to make them all come here and besiege your bed?"—"Nay, mother, that is an exaggeration that savours of your former antipathy. I never asked such a thing."—"Well, then, choose from among the

Texados the one whom you love most, and I will make him appear at your bed-side." "That's a subtle question, but I will extricate myself from the difficulty of answering, by putting one to you, which I believe will put you to silence. Can you bring to my bed-side the one who is at Naples?"—"Why not?"—"Oh, Oh! you are a fairy then?"—"Yes, a benevolent fairy."—"Wave your wand then, and set the charm to work."—"Do not jest. Would not you be too much moved?"—"No, no, you shall find me as composed as Astucia was on being called a scoundrel."—"Well, Don Carlos, read this letter which I have just received from Naples."

After having read the letter, he said to the

the Signora Massarena. "You do not jest mother, it is Fernando himself who brought this lettter?"—"The same."—"He is at Madrid then?"—"He is."—"Ah! he stopped at his mother's first, no doubt. His first duty is to embrace her."—"He did not stop at his mother's first. He has neglected his first duty."—"Explain yourself dear mother: where is he then?"—"O, he will appear when I wave my wand."—"Then wave it directly for heaven's sake. Come, dear Fernando, come, and embrace the skeleton of your friend." I instantly obeyed his summons and clasped him in my arms. Our speech suffered a temporary suspension from our emotion, and sobs were our only utterance. The Signora Massarena

was bathed in tears. "Mother," said Don Carlos, when he had somewhat recovered, "pray be a party to this rejoicing. Give us your hand;" she held it out to us; we both pressed it to our lips, and washed it with our tears. "There," said she, "are children who have not their fellows; the world does not furnish another instance of friendship such as their's. They must surely soften a heart of rock." —"Mother," continued Don Carlos, "here is my brother; aye, my brother. when I am dead, he will be the only son. Accustom yourself to think on that, and love him as you love me. You have never yet favoured him with an embrace. As you love me, dear mother, give him that maternal caress."

I then

I then fell at her knees and respectfully kissed her hand. The Signora Massarena raised me by the arm, wept, and embraced me. "Yes," said she, "you must be worthy to be my son, since this dear angel says so; may Heaven, my child, cover you with blessings, as numerous as these tears of friendship, which I now let fall upon you."

This situation affected us to a degree of pain. I asked Don Carlos if it had not fatigued him. "On the contrary," he answered, "the fatal thread will hold some few days longer." At that moment we heard Don Juan's heels; he came in abruptly, and immediately on seeing me, said, "So you are there young man; and pray what do you

do here?" I greeted him respectfully. "What do I hear?" he continued, "In my way from the ministers I met a clerk, who told me that you intended to procure a repeal of the order for the detention of the two Signoras de Suza. Why should you interfere? this affair is mine, and only mine. Be cautious how you proceed any further in it; I forbid it."—"You forbid it! Signor Don Juan;" said I gravely, "I am not accustomed to be addressed in this style. You forget to whom you are speaking; I will tell you. I am here, as at Naples; the representative of Don Pedro, who is the representative of the Spanish nation. We have no orders to receive but from the sovereign he represents. I have made known officially Don

Pedro's

Pedro's intentions, and the two ladies shall be restored to liberty before sun rise."

Don Juan stood motionless all the time I spoke. When I had finished, he gave his thigh a tremendous blow with his right hand, and disappeared. "Bless me," said Don Carlos, laughing, "you have assumed the diplomatic tone with a vengeance! how soon you have silenced my uncle! he is quite stupified."—"But," demanded I, laughing also, "have I done wrong?"—"I do not say that," answered Don Carlos, in the same tone of pleasantry; "but you will be kind enough not to play this nation's representative with me. You pronounced the word officially with becoming dignity, and introduced the rising sun with all due majesty."

Don Carlos continued thus jesting for some time, and was in a very lively mood. "This," said the Signora Massarena to me, "is the first time since my son has kept his bed, that I have seen him laugh; I augur well of your journey; will the Signora Texada keep you long from Don Carlos?"—"Neither she, nor any one," answered I, "shall take me from this place. I will not leave it but with Don Carlos."—"In that case, I will give orders to prepare an apartment for you."—"The orders are already gizen; I signified Don Pedro's on my arrival, and my apartment is ready; but as long as Don Carlos is confined to his bed, I will have no other room than this."—"They shall make a bed for you then."—"No,

no

no bed, I am sleepily inclined, and a bed would make me lazy: this couch, which shall be placed at night against Don Carlos' bed, shall be my resting place; this room my dwelling. I will transact my business here, (if I have any to transact.) I will take my meals here, and I will receive visits here. In imitation of the master of the house, I shall wrap myself in a morning gown, and indulge in my ease." —"You reason much better," said Don Carlos, "when you represent the Spanish nation. Is it possible after such a journey as you have had, that you should keep from your bed? And do you expect that you will be able to endure this kind of life long?"—"I allow that it is much better to recline on down, and as soon

as you recover, that luxury shall be mine." —"But," said the Signora Massarena, "we have servants to sit up with Don Carlos."—"I will have no such people," answered I, "I am servant, sick nurse, all."—"Do not dispute it with him, mother," said Don Carlos, "let him do as he likes; he is resolute, and if you should displease him, he will confound you, with the rising sun."

Don Carlos again laughed heartily at that last word, and was very chearful during the remainder of the evening.

After supper Don Juan paid us a second visit. He walked for some time up and down the room without saying a word. At length he drew a table and chair into a remote corner, took a book from

from his pocket, and with a taper in his hand, and his legs extended as far as they would reach, he began reading. I enquired of Don Carlos, what he was reading.—" Rodrigue on the Christian Perfections."—" Indeed," said I, " that is scarcely possible."—" It is true. The Don Juan of Madrid is not the Don Juan of Aranjuez."

Notwithstanding the seeming attention which Don Juan paid to his book, I could observe him frequently cast his eyes towards me. The eager affection with which he saw me supply the sick man's wants, and the pleasure with which my services were received, seemed to afford him matter for reflection; and I believe, that from that time, he became somewhat

more reconciled to me. On going away, he gave his hand to Don Carlos, and bade him good night. He honoured me with a nod, and said in a tone approaching to familiarity; "adieu, Texado." In the night Don Carlos slept three successive hours, which I was told he had not done before since his confinement. I thought this sleep pronounced him in a train of recovery; but as I can conceal nothing from you, I must confess that I was most grievously surprised, when San Domingo, after feeling his pulse three different times, told me that he was no better. "He is incurable," said he, "and cannot survive much longer. It is time to think of administering; take your measures accordingly; dispose the patient

patient for the ceremony as soon as you are able; let him not pass to-morrow without acquitting himself of these last duties. I shall not speak of it to the Signora Massarena; that is your business. You should so contrive matters that his mother may remain ignorant of the ceremony till it is performed. That however does not concern me; you know our laws; they oblige me to give you warning of his danger; I now do so, and my office is fulfilled." I then informed the doctor that I expected some visits in the course of the day, and asked him if there were any objection to receiving them in his patient's room. "None," said he, "on the contrary they may prove some relief to him. But keep all quiet, and

and do not let him speak. Yesterday he talked too much."

It is now three o'clock in the afternoon, and nobody has been, at which I am rather surprised. I will wait no longer, I will dispatch the courier..... It seems to me that Don Carlos is better, but San Domingo maintains that the hope, is chimerical, and persists in what he said this morning. Can it be possible that he prophecies rightly? I have great confidence in his opinions, but I cannot prevail on myself to believe in this disaster. I have ordered another consultation for to-morrow, and will dispatch a courier to inform you the result. In the mean time I am going, since it must be so, to dispose my unhappy friend to his last sad duty.....

I can

I can say no more; my tears would efface my writing.

Deign to permit your secretary to inform Cæsar de Suza that his sister and daughter are free.

LETTER XLIII.

Moses Wanderghen to Sister Rosolia, Superior of the convent of Lescalasses.

27 *Oct.* 17—.

YOUR reverence does not seek the death of a sinner, but you surely seek mine, since, in making a demand, which, if you enforce, must bring me to the grave. I cannot live without my Solomon; if you do not restore him to me, I must die. The people, who say I am rich, know

know not what they talk about. I will willingly give 1500 piasters, which by economy I might spare; but most reverend sister, to require of me 15,000 is to draw from me all the blood I have in my veins. Feel, then, I beseech you, for the father of a family, whose only comfort and support consists in the piety and affection of his son Solomon; reduce the sum for the purchase of his liberty; take pity on me, and do not heap upon me the miseries of Job. What advantage will you reap from so doing? I trust that your goodness will reduce the price to one hundred piasters; and that you will honour me with your answer without delay.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

Sister Rosolia, Superior of the convent of Lescalasses to Moses Wanderghen.

27 *Oct.* 17—.

WITHOUT delay then, Signor Moses, here is my answer. My demand is still the same; I will not abate a single maravedas, and it is useless for you to endeavour to alter what is irrevocably fixed. I will confess to you, however, for I would not appear more merciful than I really am, I will confess that my first determination was near to be revoked. Being informed that the Signor Texado was arrived in this city, I was disposed to withhold

hold the sentence, and leave the affair entirely to his judgment; but he has absolutely refused to use his influence in it. I am happy in communicating this circumstance, as it will teach you and your son where to point your gratitude.

I will answer no more letters, and I give you warning that I must have the receipts of the pastors of Madrid within four-and-twenty hours from the time you receive this. If this time is exceeded, I withdraw all the interest which I have hitherto taken in your son's confinement, and instead of your satisfying my demand, he must satisfy the demands of justice.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

Fernando Texado to Rosolia Texada.

27 Oct. 3 o'clock, P. M.

BEG the Superior to offer up the prayers of the community..... Death hovers Don Carlos' head.

LETTER XLVI.

The same to the same.

27 Oct. 8 o'clock, Night.

LET the convent resound with prayers for the dying.... The tomb is gaping for my friend.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

Inigo Astucia to Solomon Wanderghen.

29 *Oct.* 17—.

I LEARN with inexpressible joy, my dear Wanderghen, that you are restored to your father and friends. Accept this early congratulation as a proof of my constant and sincere friendship.

LETTER XLVIII.

Solomon Wanderghen to Inigo Astucia.

30 *Oct.* 17—.

OH! Oh! Signor Inigo, what does this mean? Notwithstanding all my wit, it

it seems you take me for a fool. I cannot conceive how you could write the letter which I received yesterday, and which I have read again and again. I cannot account for it, because, that which I received from you before was in a style so very, very different. I am well aware that it is the ancient and established custom of the country you inhabit, to bow down before the sun; but still this pliant act should not be done in a manner so gross. It is necessary to throw some veil over such a glaring inconsistency. However let me know your aim. You doubtless have your reasons for returning to me. Unfold them; till then I suspend my judgment. Let the respite I grant, prove to you, my anxiety to preserve the sacred bonds of friendship.

LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

Fernando Texado to Don Pedro de Massarena.

Madrid, 31 *Oct.* 17—.

VICTORIA! Victoria! You may command *Te Deum* to be sung in your chapel. One will be sung to-day in the convent of Escalasses, and your house will be illuminated. Don Carlos is in a state of perfect convalescence; there are no more threatening symptoms, danger is out of sight. The only inconvenience he experiences is a most voracious appetite, which we have much difficulty in mode-

moderating. He regains his strength so rapidly, that he has this morning been walking in the garden a full hour. The review will take place in a few days, and he will be at the head of his regiment. This, Signor, is surely as good news as you could desire, and the courier who is the bearer of it, expects from what I have told him, to receive some testimony of the joy it will afford you. He is the last I shall dispatch; Don Carlos' prosperous state makes the expence unnecessary. If I write again it will be by the ordinary conveyance. I shall wait your orders to know if I should return to Naples, but as you have granted me a leave for two months, which is far from expiring, I presume you will not object to my assisting

sisting at the review before I take my departure.

The sister and daughter of de Suza, finding Don Carlos recovered, and having no longer any motive for staying at Madrid, press me to procure them passports for their journey to join Cæsar, but I shall forbear to grant their request till I know your intentions. Cæsar cannot stay for ever at the castle de l'Oluf, and if the affair should take such a turn as to permit his return to Madrid, it would be unnecessary for them to undertake so tedious a journey If it should be otherwise, it is adviseable that they wait for me, and permit me to accompany them.

Blessed with the pleasure of seeing Don Carlos restored to health, and the hope of possessing

possessing Josephine, my happiness would be complete, were it not for the unfortunate secret entrusted to me by my friend, which has already become an object of serious displeasure to the Signora Massarena. I have held a conversation on the subject with her this morning, during the time Don Carlos took his walk in the garden; in the course of which some hard words escaped the Signora, which I flatter myself were unmerited. She told me, that her son was intended for the daughter of the prime minister, and that if you should consent for Don Carlos to disgrace his name and family by the alliance he meditated, she would shut herself up in a convent, and would neither see you nor him any more. I took the

liberty of observing, that I could not possibly be responsible for Don Carlos' attachment, that I was by no means instrumental to it. That in seeking to possess myself of his secret, I had been influenced by a tender regard for his future health and happiness; and in revealing it, by a sense of my duty and due respect for my word. I have great pleasure in saying, that my remonstrance was not ineffectual, and that after a short interval, she treated me with her accustomed kindness. It would give me inexpressible pleasure to learn, that you do justice to the purity of my designs and conduct.

Don Juan quitted Madrid this morning very unexpectedly to return to Aranjuez, where he says, business of consequence

quence requires his presence. Don Carlos calls him mysterious, and says, he is quite an altered man.

LETTER L.

Inigo Astucia to Solomon Wanderghen.

3 Nov. 17—.

YOU have wit, my dear Wanderghen, and are no fool. You may conceive, that watched as I am, had I appeared to interest myself for you in the situation you were then placed, I must have undone myself without serving my friend. I must also confess, that your frolic was vehemently reprobated, and that your best friends disclaimed all know-

ledge of you. Such is the way of the world.

> Donec felix eris multos numerabis amicos;
> Tempora si fuerent nubila, solus eris.

You suppose that I went with the torrent? Not at all. I seemed, indeed, to yield to the tempest; whereas I only waited with becoming prudence the happy moment when I might fly securely to your rescue. Such is my practice. Is it not better than to make a great noise and thereby spoil all?

Moreover, dear Wanderghen, bid adieu to the *tempora nubila*. Let us be always friends of fortune and each other, for there is more reason than ever why we should act in unison. Report says, and probably

probably with truth, that Texado is arrived from Naples with hostile views towards you and me. I doubt not but I am indebted to him for having lost Don Juan's favour. This unhappy young man seems born for my destruction; I cannot proceed a step, but he throws a stone in the way to make me stumble. As for yourself, arm without delay. I know that he ascribes to you all the honour of the trick we played upon Josephine. Your libels have no effect. Contrary to all hope and expectation, Don Carlos is returned to the world again. Every one gives Fernando the credit of his cure, and he has entirely redeemed himself in the public opinion. Lay down yourpen then, and try some other weapon. In a word, re-

sume the work of vengeance; mine is began already. I have devised a trick, which succeed or not, shall not be the last. Adieu, Wanderghen, return to your Astucia. Believe in the sincerity of his friendship for you, and in his utter abhorrence for your enemies.

LETTER LI.

Solomon Wanderghen to Inigo Astucia.

5 Nov. 17—.

YOU speak of vengeance; I am again in my element. I forget all that has passed; I will interpret your dealings as you please; I think only on the advantages of our union, and renew the bonds

bonds with joy. I have received grievous wrongs both from Fernando and Don Carlos; but nothing incenses me so much against them, as the disgrace of having failed in my enterprise at the convent. The fools! they held me in their power; they might have crushed me never to rise again, and they let the chance go by. They proudly disdained to rid themselves of their implacable enemy. I will now teach them to their cost, that if they have the hardihood to offend, they should put it out of the power of the offended to revenge the offence. A renowned captain, once said, that he entered into prison the most innocent, and left it the most criminal of men. I say the same. My blood boils; my mind is a volcano; I

invoke all the furies of hell to assist me in my work of vengeance. I am capable of every thing; I will try every thing. I send Ambrose to your assistance. I have need of him for the execution of my design. Talk to him of promotion, promise to make him a serjeant, sub-lieutenant, what he likes. Promise all, perform what you please. You say that my libels have no effect, and yet the villainous soul of Ambrose is gloriously inflamed by them. He looks upon Fernando as a wild beast, that may be slain with impunity. This free thought of his will be of essential service to me, in helping me to strike my blow. In conceiving this ill opinion of Fernando, he has lost the good one he had of Don Carlos. The

latter

latter has inflicted a punishment upon him, that has roused his indignation to a most promising height.

Adieu, Astucia; war, mortal war against our enemies. Let us blast their efforts with a blow, and live in bold security.

LETTER LII.

Inigo Astucia to Fernando Texado.

7 Nov. 17—.

OWING to the indisposition of the minister of the foreign department, his portfolio has been delivered to the secretary at war. The latter desires me to

express to you, his serious disapprobation at your absenting yourself so long from Naples, where the business of the state demands your services. He commands you to repair immediately to your post, and not to be seen in Madrid to-morrow morning.

I am happy in this opportunity of expressing my sentiments of high consideration.

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

Don Juan de Spinoletto to Spinoletta de Massarena.

8 *Nov.* 17—.

IN regulating my affairs, and arranging my papers, I have found some letters of Astucia; one of which I promised him to publish, if ever he should excite my displeasure. You will receive all of them herewith; it perhaps may not be improper to lay them before Don Pedro, and the whole family.

I retire to-morrow to the Hieronomites,*

* A religious body whose habit and institution correspond entirely with those of the Chartreux.

for reasons which I will shortly make known to you. I wrote to Don Pedro † by the last courier sent to him by Fernando. I have informed him of my designs; he will impart them to you, and I expect from his prudence and friendship, that he will take every necessary measure to effect a general conformity thereto.

Adieu, my dearest sister, I have ever been a kind brother to you, therefore keep me in your remembrance. Embrace the two children for me. I recommend them to your care and affection. As for myself,

* This is the only letter of the correspondence which is missing; fortunately it leaves me no gap; its contents are sufficiently disclosed in those which follow.

they

they are both so dear to me, that I know not which of them I love most. I can never be unmindful of Fernando's noble conduct towards Don Carlos, for which he shall receive the amplest recompense it is in my power to bestow.

Let no one of the family come to see me, for no one will be received.

LETTER LIV.

Fernando Texado to Inigo Astucia.

THAT the minister of the foreign department is indisposed, and that his portfolio has been entrusted to the secretary at war, is very true; but that you have

have received any instructions relative to me, is false, most false. Know, Signor Inigo, that I am of sufficient consequence to be addressed by the minister himself; if he had forgotten it, *you* most certainly would not have been employed to make known his pleasure to me. How comes it, that you, a man of sense and wit, should have fallen into so gross an error? It seems that you are not so well acquainted with the art of lying, as with that of *administering potions*. You see that I know the extent of the obligations that you have entailed upon me. Your lie is not only ill-conceived, you will find it fatal to you, and learn too late, that the minister's name is not to be misused with impunity. You have reminded me too, that

that I am possessed of instructions concerning you, which I cannot, without danger to myself, neglect any longer to fulfil.

Adieu, Signor Inigo, I acquit you of all consideration, and I trust you will dispense with all further acknowledgements from Signor Texado.

LETTER LV.

Inigo Astucia to Solomon Wanderghen.

11 *Nov.* 17—.

TEXADO has perceived the snare, and the thunder-bolt is fallen upon me. I am dismissed from my place, and am commanded to leave Madrid in a fortnight. This

This fall is the work of Texado himself; a memorial has been delivered by his hands to all the ministers, written by Don Pedro, in which I am painted as a man worthy of a gibbet. Is not this an act of unexampled atrocity?

All things considered, my exile will not be very painful to me. I have no dislike to a rural life. I will go bury myself in a little domain, left me by my father, who is just dead. I have saved enough from Don Juan's profusion, to live very comfortably in the society of the rustic muses. You can come and see me, and I will find pleasures for your reception equal to those of the town. But before I leave Madrid, I would fain enjoy my revenge. The sight of this odious Texado, expiating all the

the wrongs he has done me, would be a glorious companion to me in my retirement: dispatch then I say; I am impatient till the deed is done.

LETTER LVI.

Solomon Wanderghen to Inigo Astucia.

13 *Nov.* 17.—.

YOUR scheme was worth nothing; the execution of it has but exposed us. Mine is sure; it will never be known, who struck the blow. It will be given forthwith. Ambrose relies upon having the three acres you have promised him. You must keep your word, that we may ensure his silence. With the money I have

have given him, and what he will receive after the action, he will enjoy a very pretty income,

LETTER LVII.

Jerome Balbuena to Fernando Texado.

Naples, 16 *Nov.* 17—

I TAKE the earliest opportunity of thanking you for your kindness in having appointed me bearer of the happy tidings of Don Carlos' recovery. You thought that this journey would restore me to Don Pedro's favour; I beg to inform you how it was.

When I arrived, Don Pedro was in his study,

study, where he was confined to his chair by a sprain he had met with on the preceding evening. I went no farther than the anti-room. I delivered my packet to a servant. "Why," said he, "did not the courier deliver this himself?" "Signor, he is in the anti-room."—"And pray why did not you admit him?"—"He told us that he could not have the assurance to appear before you."—"In that case," he replied, "calling two more of his servants, "since this good man will not come to me, let me be taken to him."

Upon this his servants carried him in his chair, and placed him in the center of the anti-room. "Ah! ah!" said he, "is it you Balbuena?" Then turning towards

wards those who had carried him; "Take me back to my study," says he to them. "You may go, Signor Balbuena, as soon as you please, the sooner the better. My treasurer will pay you the expences of your journey. I will never bestow any favours on you, but I will be no hindrance to the bounty of my children."

Such, Signor Fernando, is the reception I met with from Don Pedro. I set out to-morrow on my return to Madrid; where I hope still to enjoy your friendship, and Don Carlos' protection. You will find me greatly altered. I give you my word, that I limited myself to one glass of wine at every post.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

Don Pedro de Massarena to Fernando Texado.

Naples, 16 *Nov.* 17—.

I SHALL not now make known my sentiments on the subject of the secret entrusted to you by Don Carlos, at whose recovery I rejoice equally with his mother. Write to me no more, and let every one in my house observe the same. I desire that none of my family will stir from Madrid till further orders from me. Let this injunction be applied to your mother, and her family, and to the ladies of de Suza.

As the Signora Massarena may probably have been told that I am indisposed with

with a sprain, relieve her fears; tell her that I am cured, and intend walking this day.

LETTER LIX.

Don Juan de Spinoletto to Don Carlos de Massarena.

18 *Nov.* 17—.

THE report of the new danger to which you and your friend Fernando have been exposed, has reached me in my retirement; but the accounts I have heard are so imperfect and various, that I know very little of the matter. Is either of you wounded? Has any accident happened to you? Relieve me from this uncertainty, my dear Don Carlos. Relate

to

to me all the circumstances of this new adventure.

Acquaint your dear mother that I yesterday took the habit of the Hieronomites, and bade an eternal farewell to the world. I have lived too ill in it, ever to appear again. I request that nobody will interfere in my concerns; that none of my servants be dismissed; in a word, that all things remain in their present state, till your father has made known my designs.

Adieu! my dear nephew; you and your Fernando, who is a most worthy youth, will always be present to my memory be assured. I exhort my sister to do all in her power to promote the happiness of both, though by this complaisance she do violence

violence to some of the prejudices she has cherished from her birth.

LETTER LX.

Don Carlos de Massarena to Don Juan de Spinoletto.

20 *Nov.* 17—.

THE general review which took place yesterday prevented me from answering your letter sooner.

You leave us, my dear uncle, at the very time when you are wanted by Fernando and myself, to take part in our joy. It takes its source from the very accident which excited your fears for our safety, and which influences in a most extraordinary manner the fate of de Suza I proceed,

proceed, conformably with your desire, to give you an account of the particulars.

The general review being fixed for the 19th, I ordered a private one of my own regiment on the 17th; at which Fernando and myself were present on horseback, within a few paces of each other. I commanded an evolution, which ended in firing; it was no sooner performed than we both heard a ball fly hissing by us. Fernando was for changing his post, but I represented that we ought not to retreat in the field of battle, and prevailed upon him to keep his station. I then complained that the evolution had been badly performed, and commanded that it should be repeated; and when I had given the word to present, I ordered them to re-

main at that motion, and told the captains to inspect the musquets of their different companies. In a short time I was summoned to the ranks. Fernando and I went together, and observed a grenadier, whom several of his comrades had seized, by order of Diego Menezes, their captain, and my particular friend. A ball had been found in his musquet. We examined his cartouch box, and found two others. This unfortunate wretch is one Ambrose, who was formerly in the service of Cæsar de Suza, and afterwards shopman to Sancha, the bookseller. I immediately caused a statement to be drawn up, in the presence of the regiment, of what had happened; and the criminal was taken to prison till a court-martial could be

be held upon him. His comrades and officers put several questions to him; all of which he refused to answer.

About five o'clock in the evening, Diego Menezes came to tell me that this man insisted on speaking to me, saying that he had something of the greatest importance to communicate, on the revelation of which depended my life. I went to the prison, and ordered the criminal into a hall, in the presence of some of the officers. He was not in the least confounded. He said that if I would promise to procure his pardon, he would disclose something that I should be very glad to know, but that I must order every body away, as he would not speak before witnesses. I asked if what he

had to say concerned me personally? and and on his replying in the affirmative, I told him, that far from consenting to hear him privately, his deposition should be taken with the greatest solemnity; that with respect to the condition he had annexed to his disclosure, that I should ensure him pardon, I would not deceive him; that he must not hope for pardon, because his crime was not of a pardonable nature; but that, if he was desirous of repairing in some measure the offence he had committed, by an open confession, I would promise to use my influence to mitigate the sentence; that if, for instance, he should be condemned to death, I would endeavour to procure the substitution of some more lenient punishment.

The

The hope of saving his life appeared to move him, and dispose him to confession and repentance. He burst into tears, and bewailed his misfortune in yielding to evil counsels. He requested to make his deposition. I sent for the officers, and several of the soldiers, and in their presence I took his deposition, which was afterwards signed by him, and all who attended.

He told us that his name was not as was supposed, Ambrose Hombrenegro; that his real name was Jago Picaros, that he was born in the village of Henares, near Siguenza, that his father was gardener to the curate of the village, who in consideration of his father's services, had undertaken to bring him up.

My mother and father, proceeded the poor wretch, exhorted me earnestly to profit by the curate's goodness; meaning that I should not scruple to take from him any thing that might contribute to their ease and comfort. If ever I went home with empty pockets, I was sure to be reprimanded, and it frequently happened that I was beaten. On one occasion I was less successful than usual, and the curate having discovered that I had taken some of his money, chastised me without mercy; and my father and mother had before chastised me, because I had not stolen what they considered enough. This kind of life giving me a disgust to my native country, I joined a band of gypsies who passed through

through the village, and went away with them. I was then twelve years of age; they were pleased with my physiognomy, and I met with a welcome reception. These people gave me evil lessons, and set me bad examples, in corrupting my disposition, which was naturally good. When I grew up, I formed a resolution of leaving them. One of them, who was old and experienced, approved my design, and promised, that if I would go with him, he would instruct me in a trade far more noble than that of begging. I accordingly abandoned myself to him, and became the child of his care. We began by the smuggling trade, and afterwards we became poachers. We acquired such celebrity in the exercise of these two pro-

fessions, that we were pursued on all sides. My guide being weary of these dangers we were exposed to, and finding that our fortune did not keep pace with his wishes, led me across forests, rugged mountains, and desert lands, to the foot of the Pyreneans; where he introduced me to a class of people who spoke a very singular language, which he perfectly understood. They received us into their company; and I soon discovered that their profession consisted in levying contributions upon unguarded travellers, and killing them if they could not or would not discharge them. It was in their society that I received the nickname of Hombrenegro. My conscience soon reproached me from living with such robbers; and I accordingly

ingly left them one night, after writing an excellent moral address to their chief, in which I inveighed most forcibly against the infamy of their trade.

At the first town I reached there happened to be a regiment quartered. Being well made, and of good size, they were eager to enlist me, and I received a very good bounty. Some months after I obtained a furlough, by which I profited to see the city of Madrid; where, being one day out of my uniform, I was accosted by a recruiting party, who offered me a bounty amounting to double that which I had before received, and which I took care to make no mention of. I accepted it. I took a strong liking to this easy method of earning money, and in two years I was

subject to the orders of twenty-seven captains. The delicacy of my conscience, and the pursuit that was made after me, would not allow of my continuing this trade any longer, and I judged it expedient to travel into a foreign country.

I went into France, and enlisted there, in order to become acquainted with the nature of their service. I happened to please my lieutenant, who was a very gay young man, and very partial to our country, and constantly reading Spanish. He compleated my education, made me learn to shave, and dress hair, and took me into his service.

My master became so partial to me that he bought my discharge. Two years after I had entered his service, he resolved

on

on paying a visit to Spain. Just at that time there was an amnesty proclaimed in favour of deserters; and as it was always a point of conscience with me to observe the strictest fidelity towards my benefactors, I cheerfully consented to accompany my master in his journey. We had scarcely left the frontiers of France, when we were attacked by the very banditti whom I had so well lectured. They knew me again; they fell upon my master, and on his making a resistance, they killed him; they forced me to strike as well as them, but I turned away my head as I gave the blow. They would not admit me to the least share of the spoil, and refused to let me remain with them; "Because," they said, "I was too

wavering in my principles." I proceeded to Madrid, and found employment in the shop of a hair-dresser, who was greatly taken with the civility of my manners and the uprightness of my conduct.

At this time, I became acquainted with Cæsar de Suza, towards whom I behaved so nobly, that he insisted on taking me into his service; and I may say without vanity, that I was treated by him, more like a brother, than a servant. I became so much attached to him, that I went with him without hesitation to Aguilar, where I supplied the place of all other servants. He was so well satisfied with my services, that he himself said they were invaluable.

I had always looked upon my master

as

as a good man; and as I have the strictest regard for probity, it was principally the good opinion I had formed of him that had made me so partial to him; but when we had been a short time at Aguilar, I heard so many unfavourable things said of him, that I resolved to be upon my guard. I thought that the people of Aguilar must know him better than I did, and they always spoke of him as of a villain and monster, who could not be too soon dispatched; adding, that whoever would do such a worthy action, would ensure the gratitude and acknowledgements of the public.

How could I presume that the people of Aguilar had conspired to deceive me? Not suspecting the justice of their representations,

sentations, I resolved to gain their esteem and become the saviour of their country. Yes, it is I who killed Joseph de la Torré, intending to kill Cæsar de Suza. I was not aware that he had any visitor; and Joseph being in the morning gown, and compleat dress of my master, fell a victim to my error. It was not possible for me to discover my mistake, because my first blow was aimed at his back; and though I afterwards struck him in front, the darkness of the night, and my extreme agitation, kept me in ignorance. I had put on a mask, not from fear of being known, for I firmly believed, I was doing a good action, but from a natural repugnance we must feel to face those we injure,

jure, especially if we have eaten their bread. . . . ."

At this place of Ambrose' narration, we all burst into an exclamation of horror, and it was with difficulty that I could withhold the soldiers present at his deposition, from usurping the office of executioner. "Why do you blame me?" said he to us with incredible effrontery; "if I did wrong, do not condemn me, but the people of Aguilar, who put the knife into my hands."

That I might not be destitute when I had lost my master, I had provided myself with part of his plate and some money; I pawned the plate with an old usurer, known by the name of the one-eyed jew. In so doing, I proposed to establish

establish myself in some way of business, and to marry the daughter of a farmer, who was one of my master's most inveterate enemies. As soon as I had committed the murder, I went a short distance from Aguilar to pass the night, and the next morning I returned. Then I discovered my mistake, and found that the murder was laid to the charge of Cæsar de Suza. I went to the girl whom I intended to marry, but she repulsed me with disdain, telling me that she would never have the servant of a murderer. Her father ran after me with a stick in his hand, and I with difficulty escaped being murdered by the very people whom I had so earnestly endeavoured to serve. I went

went back to Madrid, where my master had arrived before me.

Since that time I have never had a desire to kill him, because I have always heard him well spoken of, particularly by Signor Sancha, who on my master's going away, took me as his shopman. Towards him I have always behaved as a man of honour; I robbed him certainly, but I restored what I stole; he is alive and can prove it.

The sister and daughter of Cæsar de Suza will also do justice to the delicacy of my conscience. I have given both of them proofs of an incorruptible probity. I always refused to listen to the proposals made by Astucia and Wanderghen against them, and would not even tell them their

name

name or address; but being one day possessed with an evil spirit, I had a fit, and without intending it, told where they lived.

I had always a great taste for books, and by dint of reading, I discovered that I had genius; I became an author; but I soon grew weary of the trade, because Signor Wanderghen abused every work I showed him. I told him of my perfection in the military art; and by his advice I entered the regiment I now belong to. It was to serve him that I assumed the disguise for which I was so disgracefully punished. This punishment inflicted on me by my colonel roused me against him. Till then I adored him, but from that moment I conceived an abhorrence for him

him, and determined to be revenged for his treatment towards me; for my notions of honour are so refined, that I cannot endure the most trivial offence against it.

I have likewise conceived an abhorrence for Signor Fernando Texado, because I have read a great deal against him in pamphlets lent me by the Signor Wanderghen; which must of course be true, or it is very clear nobody would have dared to print them. I had likewise heard a bad account of him in the coffee-houses and taverns, and every public place I went to. It was agreed, that I should purge the Spanish nation of so bad a subject, by killing him at three miles distance from Madrid, on a day when he

was

was expected to set off for Naples; but he did not go; and I therefore deferred the execution of my design till this day, when Wanderghen assured me that Signor Texado would not fail to be with the colonel at the review. I had provided myself with a ball for my colonel, and another for his friend, and had taken the precaution to put two more in my cartouch-box in the event of their missing. I received my recompense before-hand; the Signor Astucia has had the goodness to give me three acres of land, for which I have the writings in my pocket. The Signor Wanderghen, who is very generous has given me five hundred piasters; and promised me as much more, when I should announce to him the performance

of

of this act of justice, as he termed it. If what I have done is wrong, why have I been so nobly recompensed?

You can have no idea, my dear uncle, of the sensations which this monster's story excited amongst us. At last however, he was seized with remorse. He rolled himself about the floor, said that all his life had been a series of wickedness, and that he would accept neither pardon nor mercy. I ordered him back to his dungeon. A court-martial will be had this day, and I will take care to inform you of the result.

Our first care was to send to Aguilar and elsewhere, in search of evidences calculated to give force to that part of his deposition, which related to Cæsar de Suza, and

and render his justification more clear. A courier has been dispatched to him by government; and congratulations pour in upon his sister and daughter. I have prevailed on my mother to give them apartments in our house, and every body applauds the measure.

Astucia is fled, but it will be a difficult matter for him to escape. As to Wanderghen, his impudence and hardihood a e not to be shaken. So far from flying, he exhibits himself in all the most public places.

This, my dear uncle, is all I have to say at present, except that we regret sincerely that it is not in our power to share with you, the happiness that beginsto dawn upon us.

LETTER

LETTER LXI.

The same to the same.

22 Nov. 17—.

THE court-martial has taken place; Ambrose has been stripped of his uniform, and delivered over to the civil power. This decision is founded on the circumstance of his accomplices not being soldiers. We have not yet heard any thing of Astucia. Wanderghen still continues to brave the detestation and contempt of the public; every body is at a loss to conceive upon what he founds his security.

The evidences which we have already received

received concerning the assassination of Joseph, all correspond with Ambrose's deposition; a portmanteau has been found at an inn in Turazona, about six miles from Aguilar, belonging to the unfortunate Joseph. It appears from the statement of the people of the house that he told them he was going to dine about a mile from Aguilar, and that he should not return for his portmanteau for two or three days. It appears also by letters and different papers contained in the portmanteau, that he was a captain in the Russian service; that he had heard at St. Petersburgh a vague account of his parents death, and that he resolved on going secretly to Spain, to learn the truth from Cæsar de Suza, least it should be a snare laid by his relations

to

to get him in their power. What a strange and unhappy fate!

Fernando is overjoyed, every thing bears an aspect favourable to his wishes.

As for myself, my dear uncle, I am reduced to the dire necessity of sacrificing my happiness, or incurring the displeasure of my parents. Observing for these two or three days past, that my mother seemed to look upon me with less satisfaction than formerly, I urged Fernando so closely as to the cause of her indifference, that he confessed he had told both my mother and you of my determination to marry Rosolia. I then ventured to break the matter to my mother; but I had no sooner uttered the name of Rosolia, than she desired me to withdraw, and forbad me

ever to pronounce the name in her presence unless I wished to drive her to a convent, as you had been driven to the Hieronomites. If it be true, my dearest uncle, that my design can have influenced you to this new life you have chosen, I shall be inconsolable. I entreat you to relieve my fears on this point.

LETTER LXII.

Don Juan de Spinoletto to Don Carlos de Massarena.

29 *Nov.* 17—.

I AM deeply grieved, my dear nephew, at the injustice I have been guilty of

of towards Cæsar de Suza, and I derive a great consolation from knowing that the wrongs he has suffered will meet honourable amends.

With respect to what you tell me on the subject of your marriage with Rosolia; this affair must wait like all others, till your father has made known his intentions. As to Fernando, I participate his joy, and shall have pleasure in hearing that he is as happy as I would have him.

LETTER LXIII.

Inigo Astucia to Solomon Wanderghen.

Agreda 29 *Nov.* 17—.

I WAS arrested four days ago, and am confined in the prison of this town. It is unnecessary for me to inform you of the cause of my detention. They talk of carrying me to Madrid, to confront me with this execrable Ambrose; you know what follows.

A person from Madrid tells me that you have not been molested, but that you enjoy your full liberty; from which I conclude that you have resources and influence

which

which I have not. For friendship's sake employ them in my favour; use every possible means to effect my liberation. Solicit every body whom you think can be of use to me. Do not forget the minister, nor even Don Carlos, no, nor Fernando. We must scruple at nothing to free ourselves from such calamities. Adieu, I wait your answer with an impatience equal to the distress of my situation.

LETTER LXIV.

Solomon Wanderghen to Inigo Astucia.

Madrid, 5 *Dec.* 17—.

I SINCERELY compassionate your condition, Signor Inigo, which is all that I can do. If your cause is good, do not fear to discuss it in the face of justice. Your judges will take pleasure in finding you innocent. I have all my life been averse to judicial proceedings, and I do not think that the office of Solicitor is at all suited to me. Adieu! Signor Inigo, be patient; and if you have nothing to reproach yourself with, be not afraid .... Ah! senseless dull Astucia, you are caught in your turn, and I can exult in being

being thus revenged on you. Take back the coin in which you paid me.

LETTER LXV.

Moses Wanderghen to his son.

Buen Retiro, 9 *Dec.* 17.—.

I AM told, my son, that this fellow Ambrose is throwing red hot balls at you; and every body is of opinion that you ought to run away as fast as you can, or if you have not time that you should conceal yourself in some place of safety. I beg you, my dearest Solomon, to do one or the other. Do not expose me to the misery of seeing you in prison again. Or do you expect me to find another 15,000 piasters to get you out? I could not find

fifteen maravedis. Ah! Solomon, I looked to you to be the support of my old age, instead of embittering my latter days as you do. You live at such an expence at Madrid, that you have ruined me.... No matter, escape from justice, and I pardon all.

LETTER LXVI.

Solomon Wanderghen to his father.

Madrid, 13 *Dec.* 17—.

YOU know not what you say. The time is come no longer to dissemble with you or any one. I am ashamed to owe my life to you. With the talents I received from nature, I might have aspired

to

to all that is great and glorious. The first education I received from you, has destroyed all. No, no, father, I will not fly. To fly from one's enemies is cowardice. *Testis unus, testis nullus,* one witness is no witness; I learned that in the school of right. What faith do you suppose justice can attach to the testimony of a man covered with crimes? Can a thief, a murderer be listened to? And suppose even that this other vagabond, called Astucia, should join with Ambrose, what would be the result? Why, that they are two rascals who have agreed to implicate an honest man, in the hope that the credit and esteem he enjoys, may serve to clear them. Such, my father, if you know any thing of the world, you

would see must be the end of this vile process. Moreover, if they should put me in prison, you are still rich enough to open the gates. The golden key will fit those as well as others, as you have already experienced.

LETTER LXVII.

Xaviero San Domingo to Don Carlos de Massarena.

17 *Dec.* 17—.

I HAVE just witnessed the most dreadful sight that ever shocked my eyes. Yesterday morning the alguazils went (as you have no doubt been informed), to seize

seize upon Wanderghen's person. The wretch being apprized of their coming, shut himself up in his room, and refused to open the door. Just as they were preparing to break it open, they heard the report of a pistol, and having succeeded in entering, they found Wanderghen stretched upon the carpet weltering in his blood; he was not dead. The corregidor would not have him carried to prison in this dangerous state, but ordered him to be put in his own bed, and immediately sent for me as physician to the tribunal.

What a dreadful image did this wretched young man present to me! In order to kill himself, as he thought, more surely, he had put the muzzle of the pistol in

his mouth; the ball passed through his left cheek, and made a most dreadful havoc with that side of his head. The flesh was torn and loose, the teeth were broken in pieces, the ear was mutilated, and the left eye forced out of its socket. The surgeon who attended with me, having examined and dressed the wounds, pronounced that he had not long to live. The corregidor instantly proceeded to take his deposition. He confessed all, railed most vehemently against Ambrose, against Astucia, against himself, and against..... his own father. The latter had been sent for express, and arrived this morning. His son made him wait two hours in the anti-room, positively refusing to see him. At length Moses entered of his own accord.

cord. His presence drove the son to madness. Begone, begone, cried he, with a voice resembling the bellowing of a bull. All my miseries proceed from you and you only. Receive this testimony of my gratitude. As he said this, the monster became desperate, he tore the bandage from his wounds, and gathering the blood in his hands, he threw it ..... the bare relation makes me shudder .... he threw it ..... at his own father, exclaiming, these are the fruits of your base indulgence, and instantly expired.

Such, Don Carlos, is the dreadful scene which I have just been witness to. What a lesson! What a dreadful lesson to those pusillanimous parents who put no curb to their children's unruly passions.

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

Don Carlos de Massarena to Don Juan de Spinoletto.

31 *Dec.* 17—.

THIS dreadful prosecution is at an end, my dear uncle. Wanderghen has done justice to himself by blowing out his brains. Ambrose was attacked with a fever just as sentence was pasing on him, which took him off in a few hours after; and happily spared us the horrors of the execution. We had succeeded in obtaining a respite, but it would have been impossible to have procured a mitigation of the punishment. His crimes were

too

too numerous and of too serious a nature. Astucia was also condemned to death, but at our solicitations the sentence was changed to transportation for life, and he is already on his voyage.

Moses Wanderghen, though not implicated in this affair, is accused by the deposition of his son, of practising the most exorbitant usury, and receiving stolen goods. These facts were clearly proved against him, and he was condemned to be banished, and his goods to be confiscated. We have obtained a repeal of the confiscation; and his property, which is rendered very inconsiderable by the debts heaped upon him by his son, has been restored, after returning to their respective

tive owners, the incalculable quantity of pledges that he was possessed of.

Thus, then, this unpleasant affair is completely at an end. That of Cæsar de Suza is as happily concluded as his best friends could desire. The sentence has been repealed, his little domain at Aguilar has been restored to him, and his innocence has been proclaimed with the greatest solemnity throughout all Spain.

The moment is at length arrived which will decide Fernando's fate and mine.

My father arrived this day with Cæsar de Suza. He devotes the remainder of the day to a *tête-a-tête* with my mother; but he has promised that to-morrow after dinner he will make known his will towards

wards us. You shall be informed of it as soon as it is pronounced.

LETTER LXIX.

Fernando Texado to Don Juan de Spinoletto.

6 Jan. 17—.

I CONTEND with Don Carlos for the pleasing task of giving you an account of what has passed. I find myself too much indebted to your noble bounty not to be jealous of the opportunity of expressing, as far as expression will serve my turn, the grateful sentiments with which you have inspired me.

Our

Our dinner party consisted of no less than twenty; amongst whom were my mother, my two sisters, and the Archbishop of Toledo. After dinner we went into the drawing-room; and as soon as all were adjusted in their places, and the servants were dismissed, Don Pedro addressed Don Carlos as follows:

"My son, the character which you are called upon to support in the world, forbids you to marry without a portion. Your mother was desirous of soliciting the hand of the Prime Minister's younger daughter, but this marriage is not feasible, for a reason that is without reply, which is, that she this morning died of the small pox. As for the elder, she is promised to the heir of the house of Medina-Cœli;

you

you cannot aspire to such an height. The lady I give you in marriage, brings you a magnificent house and a considerable income arising from lands in the New and Old Castile ; she brings to me the Vice-Royalty of Grenada, and to which you are to survive after my death. With such advantages there can be no room for hesitation, and you must certainly rejoice in giving your mother the satisfaction of seeing me cloathed with such a dignity."

When Don Carlos had heard his father speak thus, he turned pale and cast an expressive look upon Rosolia, which clearly said, that he would prefer her to all the Viceroyalties in the land.

Don Pedro then addressed me: "Fernando," said he, " let us proceed to you,

you. You are nothing in the world; for a secretaryship of legation is in fact nothing. A change in the minister, or even in the ambassador, the most ordinary event may displace you. It is therefore still more important to you than to Don Carlos, that the lady you marry should not be destitute. She, who I design for you, brings to you an estate of great produce, and to your father-in-law she brings the Governorship of Valencia, which will descend to you at his death. It is sufficient that these things are known, to put an end to all uncertainty, since prudence forbids that you should pause."

When I had heard what concerned me, my vanity was no more flattered by the Governorship of Valencia, than Don Carlos had

had been by the Viceroyalty. I had neither the same patience nor firmness which he appeared to have; I was about to make some humble representations, but Don Pedro would not allow me to say a word. He enjoined me to silence, saying, " What I have said needs no reply. These two marriages must take place. You shall be both betrothed this night by the Archbishop of Toledo, and in eight days time, your marriage shall be celebrated by this same prelate in the chapel of my house.

" Now," continued Don Pedro, " it is necessary to inform you the names of the persons you are to marry. I told you yesterday, that I had an interview with the King, and with my brother-in-law; with both of whom these two marriages have been irrevocably

irrevocably fixed. On renouncing the world, Don Juan made his will, which I have now about me. As it is very long, we will reserve the perusal of it for some future time, and I shall now confine myself to the articles which relate to the intended husbands.

After bestowing a gift of 20,000 piastres on the religious body of which he is a member; he appoints his sister to the succession of all his property in Spain and in both the Indies, with the exception of his house at Aranjuez, and his estates in the two Castiles, which he gives to Rosolia Texada; and that of Rio Bello, which he gives to Josephine de Suza. The King gives further, to the husband who shall choose Rosolia Texada, the Vice-

royalty

royalty of Grenada; and to the father of Josephine the Governorship of Valencia, to be inherited by him who shall become her husband. I believe," added Don Pedro, " that the respective choices are already made."

Don Pedro then turned to my sister Isabella: " Your lot, Isabella, said he, is likewise fixed. You are appointed to the Abbey of St. Clair. The institute is a comfortable one, and you will only have to serve a novitiate of two or three months in obedience to the forms of it. As for you, Madam," said Don Pedro to my mother, " since you now make one of the family, you will, I presume, divide your time between Rosolia and Fernando." — " Signor," answered she,

" Isabella,

"Isabella, would then be left alone; I will go with her, and enter as a boarder in her convent."

All things being thus settled, Don Pedro informed me, that the business at Naples had been entrusted in his absence to the Consul; that notwithstanding my youth, I had been honoured with the appointment of Envoy Extraordinary, and must therefore leave Madrid in a week after my marriage; that he should himself set off the day after its celebration for Grenada, with the Signora Massarena, Don Carlos and Rosolia; that in the course of a few months Don Carlos would proceed on his grand tour, and might reside at Naples a whole year.

Such

Such are the principal circumstances of a scene which wanted only the addition of your presence to make us completely happy. I seek in vain for terms to signify my gratitude; it is as great as your generosity is noble. When the marriage is celebrated I will do myself the honour to inform you.

LETTER LXX.

The same to the same.

14 *Jan.* 17—.

THE marriage was celebrated this morning in the chapel of the house.

To-morrow, Don Pedro, the Signora Massarena, Don Carlos and Rosolia, set

off for Grenada, and Cæsar and his sister for Valencia. In eight days I shall depart with my lovely treasure for Naples.

By means of the arrangements made by Don Pedro, Don Carlos, and myself, none of the people who have been in your service will be dismissed. Josephine, in particular, is anxious to prove her good will towards your housekeeper.

Don Pedro having permitted us to shew favour to Balbuena, we asked him what he wished us to do for him. He said that he should be well satisfied if we would give him the stewardship of one your estates. We have appointed him head steward to all that we hold from your bounty.

The good old Cascara having need of repose, begged leave to retire as keeper of one

one of your castles. We have accordngl y established him in that of Rio Bello. giving him fifty acres to his own use.

Such Signor, is part of the good which your excessive liberality has already permitted us to do. Heaven forbid that we should ever forget to whom we are indebted for our happiness. For my own part, shall ever remember it with feelings of gratitude, which are alike inexpressible, as the joys which this happy period presents to me.

LETTER

LETTER LXXI.

Don Juan de Spinoletto to Don Carlos de Massarena and Fernando Texado

15 *Jan.* 17—.

YOU are not my debtors. I am more than repaid by the satisfaction I derive from having so well disposed of the bounties of providence; and the use you will make of it will ever give me fresh cause to triumph in what I have done.

Adieu, Don Carlos; adieu amiable Fernando! May you and your wives live long, and be happy as you are virtuous. My love, my prayers and blessings, attend you wherever you may be.

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